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## "GONE" BEFORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

While the war was yet a waging,
Spreading terror through the land,
Two recruits, both strong and willing,
Joined themselves to our command.

Many a joke had these Hibernians,
Scions of the Emerald Isle;
Many a "bull" they perpetrated—
Forced us oft to loudly smile.

Of a day at Chickamauga,
In the state of Tennessee,
They were out in front the ditches,
Each behind a goodly tree.

Often rang their ready rifles:
Now and then we heard them shout;
Now a puff of smoke would tell us
How some Reb was "mustered out."

Thus they fought from morn 'till noontide,
Thus they fought from noon 'till night;
Told how many each had slaughtered,
Longed and itched to have a fight.

Of a morn the bugle sounded;
"Forward, men, across the bridge!
Take your places every hero;
Glorious death, or Mission Ridge!"

Bayonets fixed and sabres gleaming,
Up that famous hill we sped,
Took our stand beside a graveyard,
Bivouac'd with the silent dead.

Came the word:—"Down on your faces!"
And we fell down on the ground,
While a perfect hail of shrapnell
Rained its terror all around.

Then there came a lull of battle,
Then a bombshell ploughed its way
Through the graveyard, and exploded
Close by where our heroes lay.

Then there came a shriek of anguish,
Like some demon raging mad,
For a bit of shell demolished
All the nose Pat ever had.

Out spake Jimmy:—"Pat, my hearty,
Is it yez kilt intirely dead?
Have the div'lish hathen Rebels
Spilt the beauty of yer head?"

Answered Pat, with face all bloody:
"It's mesilf that's wounded, shure,
Though, thank St. Patrick, for begorra
I'm not dead, *but gone before!*"

By "5th 9."

## CONGO, THE CONJURER.

### A STORY OF SHOW LIFE.

#### CHAPTER I.
THE BOY'S HOME.

Everton Manor House was a mansion of large dimensions, and was elegant both within and without. It was a handsome edifice, admirably furnished, and supplied with every luxury that money could command. All the country envied Mr. and Mrs. Charles Everton their estate, their position and their happiness—only marred by the alien character of the heir of the house. Arthur Everton was a handsome, bold, and fearless youth by nature, who had, during two years, been systematically browbeaten, tortured and almost driven mad by ill treatment, which he was wholly unable to resent. He bore it for his father's sake; but, day by day, the conduct of his stepfather became worse and worse. The position was peculiar. Sir Michael Everton had died when his only son was three years old. He was the sole direct heir, and, failing him, a distant cousin inherited. This circumstance was not known to the widow when the dark, handsome and haughty relative of her husband paid her such marked attention. It was long even after her marriage to him that she knew it, and became aware that her second husband was her boy's deadly foe. It was a fearful trial, especially as she had children of her own—a boy and a girl. But the mother was faithful and true to her first born son. He was the sole representative of the man she had been her first love—a good, noble and faithful husband. But Lady Everton—her son was now Sir Arthur—was a weak woman. In a moment of weakness and infatuation she had married the distant cousin, against whom she was no more able to contend than a dove against a hawk. Arthur had been to school, even during the holidays, until two years ago, when Lady Everton, backed by her late husband's solicitor, Mr. Simmons, insisted that the boy should spend his holidays in his own house, the inheritance to which, in a few years, would be wholly his. Had she but known the character of the man she had to deal with, she would have shipped him as a cabin boy in preference, to work out his fate as best he might until he came of age. Of coldly handsome exterior, with piercing black eyes and a Jewish nose, it gave an appearance of firmness to his features, the man was in heart an icicle. He knew but one feeling—unsparing ambition.

Some men desire to be great soldiers, sailors, discoverers, stars in the scientific or literary galaxy—Mr. Charles Everton wished to be a county magnate. That, to him, was the noblest position a man could enjoy. While Arthur lived, breathed and had his being, this aspiration was a dream. Mr. Everton had not studied murder as one of the fine arts, but was well aware of its danger and awkward results which generally follow in the train of seeds of blood. But there are many ways of compassing even death. Charles Everton was resolved to drive Arthur to some desperate deed—if not to suicide, to flight from home; in which case he would take care that he never returned to claim his own. His course of proceeding was simple. Arthur, though taking his meals with the family, was never allowed to speak. If he opened his mouth, he was coldly requested to let his elders rest in peace. And, when all the while the two younger children were allowed to prattle to their hearts' content. If he rebelled and appealed to his mother, he was ordered to leave the room. When visitors were present he was always excluded, while on all occasions he was sent to bed before the younger children. But Arthur was a boy of spirit. He soon found that any active rebellion would be a shower of wrath upon his mother's head. He, however, was not to be snubbed with impunity; so, when debarred from the society he sought the kitchen, or, better, generally the stables, where his energetic character, his fund of anecdote and repartee, made him very popular—to the advantage, perhaps, of the domestics, certainly not of the young master. This was the state of things one memorable May day, when Arthur was fourteen years old. They were at breakfast. Mr. Everton was reading the *Times*, while Lady Everton, the two children, and Arthur attended generally to the wants of the little ones, who, waited on by a special domestic, always breakfasted with the family. Arthur, despite his sullen detestation of the father, was kind to the young ones—a little patronising, perhaps, but still kind.

"Mamma," suddenly said the youth, who was ordered by Lady Everton, "I want you to do me a favor to-day."

"What is it, Arthur?"

"There's a grand show in the fair, which, I am told, is very good—riding, and that sort of thing, with a famous actor, Signor Shallaba," replied the youth, quietly. "I suppose there can be no harm in your going," said Arthur, with a faint glance at the figure behind the urn.

"Are we to go?" cried both children.

"With pleasure," responded Arthur.

"Madam," said the husband, now speaking for the first time, "you may encourage your son in his low tastes, but I shall do my duty. Stir out of the house at your peril!" "The house is mine," replied Arthur, in his coldest and most sullen tone. "You will soon have to leave it."

Everton turned deadly pale, while her husband trembled with passion.

"Arthur!" he said, with a hoarse laugh, "I am ready for the next seven years. To your room, sir, and you dare disobey me you shall make acquaintance with my riding-whip."

"Mr. Everton—Charles!" cried the mother, in a despairing tone.

The son made no reply. He rose and walked slowly from the room, his teeth set, his hands clenched, and his every gesture indicating what restraint he put upon himself when he neither responded in word or deed.

"I see much!" said the husband. "I can bear this insolence no longer. He must return to school—to a school where they will take this ferocity out of him."

"Not ferocity," replied Lady Everton, who was then the boy was absent, "and, remember, strike me with your little finger and I leave you, telling the world why."

Mr. Everton was silent. He knew his wife well, and was aware that this threat would be carried out. He saw, then, to all his hopes of being a county magnate; but the hatred of Arthur was redoubled, and he silently vowed to carry out his plan of putting him to a school from which every vestige of spirit, life and energy would be taken out of him. Meanwhile, what had become of Arthur?

#### CHAPTER II.
SIGNOR SHALLABA AND PARTY.

Mr. Everton walked slowly away to his own room, thinking deeply. Many times already had the idea entered his head of severing himself wholly from his family and of appealing to the law as to his oppressor. The law had found great favor with him; so go to a school, tell his story and request the principal to keep him under tuition until he was one-and-twenty. He would be handsomely remunerated. But fear of his mother's influence restrained him. Then came the idea of running to sea, of enlisting for a soldier, going to America, but he was restrained in every way by the consideration that he came of age he would, if ill-treated, be in a position to prove his identity, while, perhaps, might not be so suited to his situation as he was. With the old thoughts running through his mind he entered his bed-room and locked the door. He went out to see the fun of the fair, that was certain, but cared so much about it since—he had thought no more of it than his breakfast—but because he would have to leave his step-father, who ruled him with a rod of iron as soon as the door was closed Arthur took a pocket and cap, which, adding to his morning costume, he opened the window. To confine a boy indoors, with a tree growing close to his window, was never a very easy task; but to one so energetic and stalwart as Arthur Everton it was impossible. It had served him many times before. He swung himself into a branch, and, slowly descending, went off, whistling defiantly as he crossed the park.

The village of Preston-cum-Everton was a pretty place enough, with a large green, upon which, at times, was held a cattle market. It was the centre of a cluster of villages, which here had their headquarters, and hence contained more inns and beer shops than was at all consistent with its size. But, on the present occasion, these were in full swing, for it was Preston's annual fair, and the attractions were numerous enough to collect a great crowd. The fair was partially for business—chiefly the hire of servants, though poultry, eggs and bacon were not wholly neglected. The great object, however, which brought together young and old, men and women, boys and girls, were the booths and shows. There were the usual giantesses, dwarfs, swallowers of swords and bow, wild men of the wood from White Chapel; Japanese minstrels out of Seven Dials; specimens of the fancy, who looked Milbank educated; thimble-riggers and minor workers in the busy hive of Bohemia; but super-eminent over all was the great tent of Signor Shallaba. It was an extensive canvas edifice, supported on many poles, with a platform in front, on which was a band of music, not omitting a mighty drum and cymbals, and which, at the moment of Arthur's arrival, was further tenanted by apparently the whole unapproachable resources of the unrivaled theatre and company. So said the play bill. The drum and general band had ceased to play; while Signor Shallaba, wearing a linen body, with large red cross stripes, loose sleeves, loose trunks, small drab hat, turned up with red, large white ruff, laced half boats, a drab coat, with capes, was strutting up and down, speaking through a huge trumpet. Near him was a little, fairy looking girl, with spangled frock and tights, who moved about gracefully and to the great admiration of half the little boys in front, who were in love with her sweet countenance and beautiful, flowing hair. A clown, in tight, white spangled body, small striped trunks, fleshings and wig, with a huge, melancholy-looking giant, who sat in a vast arm chair, were also present.

"Ho! ho! ho!" shouted the leader, through his trumpet. "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, and see the wonders of our establishment, which has had the honor of appearing before every crowned head in Europe, including his Holiness the Ppoe."

"Hi! hi! hi! just agoing to begin," put in the clown; "only make haste, as master here has got the indigestion. The number of scissors and spoons, knives and forks, sabres and bayonets which he has swallowed turns his inside into an arsenal—bib! boh! bink!"

"As juggler in chief to his Majesty the King of Congo!" exclaimed Shallaba, roaring through his tin instrument of torture, "I shall introduce to you some of the most amusing and wonderful sensation tricks ever heard of, to be wound up by dancing on the tight-rope, amid a blaze of fire-works, by Signorina Bella Costa, from the Theatre Royal, Congoville. Strike up!"

And the music did strike up, while Shallaba, with convulsive efforts, was singing and shouting to the people to walk up. The summons was extensively obeyed, and before many minutes were over the first, second and third seats were crowded. Arthur magniloquently paid a shilling, and found himself in a front seat. As usual, in the day time the performances were very rapid and inferior to what they were in the evening, when the prices were doubled; but had they been of a vastly superior character, Arthur would scarcely have noticed them. His eyes were fixed on the tight-rope girl; he had sight for nothing else. Truly she was a delicate and beautiful creature, carefully nurtured, to all appearance, and protected from the coarser necessities of her profession; this might be seen from her complexion. When Shallaba had swallowed his knives, done some tricks with cards, brought a dozen new laid eggs out of the clown's mouth, and such like, the music struck up, a rope was stretched from end to end of the tent, supported by two triangles, and the little girl ran up the incline, her balancing pole in her hand, and began. 'Ere, however, she had reached the summit, the melancholy-looking giant had arisen and made his way to a spot which gave him perfect command of the position. During the whole of her evolutions, which were of a varied character, he never took his eyes one moment off her. His hands were ready to clasp her at the least false step. The girl laughed and smiled at him, and from sheer fun carried on her pranks as far from him as possible, especially when she leaped into the air, and came down again upon the rope just as if it had been a wide deal plank. Arthur was entranced, and when she retired, amid loud cheers, was the warmest in his applause. When the house was being cleared he lingered to the last, until he was noticed.

"Tiddlewink! Tiddlewink!" cried the clown. "Lost anything, my master?"

"No; but should like to make the young lady a present."

"Toollywink! tow-row! said so—lost your heart; well, it's a mercy it's whole and not broken. Hi! hi! bib! boh! bink!"

The giant, who had seated himself, and was reposing for a good wheeze, looked keenly at the youth and then spoke in a deep, Goliath kind of voice:—

"What do you mean?"

Arthur smiled.

"I admire the young lady very much, and should like to buy her a new hat," said Arthur, nervously playing with a sovereign.

"Nelly—Imean Signorina Bella Costa—here's a young gent as wants to tip you," cried the giant. The girl came laughing to his side, and then looked shyly up at the boy.

"Excuse me, miss," said Arthur, blushing in his confusion, "I thought your dancing very good, and wanted you to remember your visit to Preston. Will you buy yourself a smart hat?"

"I've got plenty," said the girl, reservedly but pleasantly.

"Take it, all the same. The young gentleman means well," replied the giant, handing it to her; "and now to business. I have the twelve labors of Hercules to do in the next spell, so we must clear out."

Arthur, after a quiet adieu to the young girl, who watched him earnestly as he left, approached the entrance.

Had he retired with the others, what followed might not have happened.

But he was alone at the top of the steps leading from the platform.

A loud cry caused him to raise his eyes.

Mr. Charles Everton was riding slowly through the crowd, but now halted and summoned Arthur to his side.

Arthur advanced with stern brow and compressed lip, in obedience to his command.

"What! how dare you disobey my command?" he cried, white with passion; and he raised his heavy riding whip.

Before, however, he could effect his purpose, Arthur, who had a good sized cane in his hand, swung it around, met the descending whip and knocked it clean out of his hand, amid a cry of applause from the crowd, which nowhere more surely than in England takes the side of injured innocence against oppression.

A light cry was heard behind, and, turning, Arthur saw the dancing-girl watching the scene with clasped hands.

Arthur quietly took off his hat and bowed.

"Home!" shouted the infuriated Squire; "home, sir, or I will have the constables to you!"

Arthur made no reply, but turned away slowly in the opposite direction to that which the other was going.

With a savage and bitter scowl of malignant hate, Charles Everton rode away, still more than ever determined to rid himself of his incubus.

Arthur, to all appearance, took very little heed of the encounter. He paid the booth another visit, saw the prodigious performances of the modern Hercules, who was weak-kneed and soft in general; and again watched the Signorina with earnest and something more than boyish admiration.

His then walked away to an inn where he was well known, and secured an excellent dinner, after which, in the dusk of the evening, he returned to the house.

He crossed the lawn and passed in front of the dining-room, which looked out upon the green, the blinds being down, but the window open.

"And so your precious son intends to defy me, and to set in disobedience to my rule," said the cruel voice of Mr. Charles Everton.

"You are very harsh to him."

"And shall be worse. This day, before a hooting mob, he assaulted me—struck my whip out of my hand; yes, madam, before a crowd of yokels and villagers."

"You must have done something to provoke him."

"Threatened to chastise him," cried the other, "for being out without my permission."

"He is too big to be struck," said the mother, quietly.

"We shall see," muttered the other, loud enough for our herd to hear. "To-morrow he shall go to Mr. Tudor's academy. He will take the conceit out of him. A rare, hardened set of rascals he has under him—the very cream of desperadoes; but they tremble at his very nod."

"Not a fit place for the heir of Everton Hall," mildly remonstrated his wife.

The other only gave some muttered imprecation, and rang for more wine.

CONGO, THE CONJURER.—"Charles Everton's flashing [illegible] suddenly fell upon the shrinking girl."

Arthur passed away to his room, of which he had the key in his pocket.

An hour later he was summoned down stairs, and, in presence of his mother, told the resolve his step-father had come to.

"Is the school, mother, one suited to my position in society, and one you would put me to?" he asked, ignoring the presence even of his step-father.

"I think not."

"Then I shall appeal to Mr. Simmons," was the quiet reply.

"You may appeal to his Satanic majesty, if you please," said Charles Everton, coldly; "but to-morrow you go to Mr. Tucker's academy. And he turned away without, it appeared expecting any answer.

Arthur seated himself by his mother, and began to speak to her, as he was wont to do. The mother and son had a long and kindly talk; but no allusion was made to the morrow. Soon Charles Everton went out.

"My boy," said Lady Everton, in tears, "can you ever forgive me?"

"Mother, you acted as you thought for the best," was Arthur's gentle answer, and turned the subject.

Ere the master of the house came back with some friends, who had just stepped in, he had retired.

#### CHAPTER III.
THE CONJUROR AT HOME.

The audience had retired, the lamps had been out on the platform, the heavy curtain lowered, and the signor and signorina, with their supporters, had retired into private life. As usual, the first thing thought of was supper. The wife of the professor, mountebank, or conjuror, as he variously designated under various circumstances, had placed it ready; that for her husband, herself, and fairy Nell on a small table; that for the giant and clown on the big drum, covered with a cloth. The musicians and subordinates had gone to some den of their own. The wife, a pale, handsome woman, of about five and thirty, never took part in the performances, though she occasionally took money in a box, where her countenance remained unseen. But she was treasurer, and, in a word, the providence of the company. She superintended everything, and in no way was more particular than in the care of Nelly, her daughter and only child—for Nelly was no stolen fairy, who by-and-by would turn out to be "Somebody's Child." But from her infancy her existence had been a mystery.

The husband and wife had suddenly purchased the "caravan," as it is technically called, and weeding it of all superfluities, had started on a tour. The man was a clever actor, a fair conjuror and a quick learner. Soon he was at the top of the tree, appearing, as will presently be seen, in very different circles from those in which we find him now. But he never omitted his summer tour. It appeared essential to the health of his wife, which was not good, and to the spirits of his child, who moped when compelled to find any other life than that of the caravan. They had just started for their summer season, and, before October, would go round the whole kingdom.

"Pretty good for a first day," said the husband, as he handed over a leather bag to his wife; "to say nothing of the whole sovereign to little Nell here, which she shall spend on herself."

"That sets me thinking," replied the wife, in a low tone, "that the child is nearly fourteen. This must be her last year, Stephen; you know your promise."

"I do; and yet, to send that flower of the field and forest to the confinement of a school."

"And yet so it must be. She was not born to this life; and if I have yielded until now, it has been from imperative reasons."

"I know, my own Helen," said the man, in a hushed tone; "but never blame yourself. You have done your duty by her."

"I have tried, but only partially," she added, with a deep sigh.

While these were talking in this way the giant and the clown were engaged in a friendly attack upon a huge meat pie, made in defiance of the ordinary rules of appetite, being conscientiously enough for six.

"Scrumptious pie!" said the clown, when he had taken the first edge of his appetite off with about a pound. "Missus is a wonder!—bib! boh! bonz! bink!"

"A photo-graphic wonders!" replied the giant, gianeing at the party close at hand; "but my beautiful Nell—she's the gal! Wonder what that young puppy gave her a sov. for! Can't have no lovyears about here; no—no gallivanting."

And at the very thought—he had been troubled in his mind ever since the present had been accepted—he filled his mouth with pie, which he proceeded to wash down with a heavy draught from a huge black-jack near at hand. Suddenly a strange sound was heard, as of some one scraping the canvas.

"Hist!" said the giant.

All sat still, and then close to them they saw the canvas lift, and a head protrude. A pale, anxious face, which gazed at them with half dread, half hope.

"The boy he gave me the sovereign!" cried Nell, clapping her hands.

"No gallivanting," began the giant, in a mumbling tone, as he caught the other in his vast hand and set him on his legs. "Ain't this a pretty way to sneak into a man's mansion—his castle, I may say, as they say every Englishman's house is a castle."

"Hush! make no noise," said Arthur, in a low but distinct voice. "I am escaping from oppression worse than death. Good people, save me, if you would not cause murder!"

"Murder!" cried the master of the caravan, whom we know as Signor Shallaba. "You fear murder!"

"If I explain myself, will you swear to keep my secret!" cried the boy, urged to desperation.

"We swear!" cried all the party, eager and excited.

"My name is Arthur Everton, and I am escaping from my cruel step-father, Charles," the boy added.

There was dead silence for a moment. The husband and wife exchanged a strange glance.

A whisper was also exchanged.

"It must be," said the wife, firmly.

"In here," whispered the signor, opening a large box which usually contained the larger apparatus for conjuring tricks. "Quick! I hear horsemen!"

Arthur obeyed at once. He had not been inside two minutes, and some clothes hung over the box, when there is a knocking with a whip against the platform.

The signor put on a slouched hat that strangely concealed his features, passed a small instrument into his mouth that to make his voice cracked and aged, and lifted the curtain.

"Whosomes disturbing honest folk at this time of the night he asked, in a broad dialect, very different from his usual tone of refinement and even elegance.

"Were pursuing a boy who was hanging about your booth day——"

"Th'ain't no boys here," observed the giant, approachg. "We want no gallivanting."

"Co'in and see for yourself," continued the so-called Shalla

Chas Everton entered, and stalked, whip in hand, round the place. His flashing eye suddenly fell upon the shrinking girl. He gazed at her in amazement. Anything delicately lovely he had not seen for many years.

"You're a very beautiful girl here," he said, in softer tones. "I hope you don't go about kidnapping children."

"We not. We are honest folks; have our liceme, and decorything above board. We are not child stealers, nor we ill use boys."

"Youve seen him, then?"

"He ne here twice to-day, and gave the girl a present. I wasn't his money you can have it back——"

"But complained to you——"

"Never spoke. Only, why is he running away at this time of night," asked Stephen, "if he is not afraid?"

Charmuttered something.

"We'on't harbor him, that is all?" he added. "I am a magnate, and will soon know how to deal with rogues and vagabonds!"

And left the tent, while the giant hurriedly opened the chand released the prisoner.

"Rogand vagabond yourself!" said the mountebank, sternly. "Be you gentle or simple, Sir Arthur Everton, or plasterer, you are safe here—*from him!*"

The stood up, trembling with exhaustion and want of air. leanwhile the conjurer's wife looked on, awe-stricked livid white.

"Allspaid the master, addressing the giant, "strike the ten an hour. When all is still we will be off."

"All it, master," replied the big man, who then, while thountebank and his wife spoke in whispers, proceeded aided by Nelly, to supply the fugitive with supper.

It was o'clock in the morning when, the fair being quiet, thearied actors in the fun and mummery of the day we peeping soundly. But in one part of the green all is bu and activity. Assisted by band, carters, and all the subsistee, the conjurer and showman is packing up his ge for an early start. For reasons, upon which we not enter for one moment, he is about to depart thily, and without the usual flourish of trumpets. Sondnct is so strange, that a couple of constables, whange about with a view to watching the fair people, to up and ask the meaning of his unusual behavior, finich piece of gratuitous curiosity they get the mild rea of being told to mind their own business.

"But torrow is your great day," urged one of the men, gnatsturdily.

#### CHAPTER IV.
THE FLIGHT.

The rat of the mountebank and his caravan was effected a masterly manner. Aware that a good highroseves no particular mark by which one cart can be distished from another, he followed it until towardarning, when he determined to take a cross road, we would lead him quite out of the circuit which he originally intended to follow. During the march thidance had been left to the giant, who sat on a mig seat, like a barrel, which gave him the appearance an ancient Bacchus, and who kept his cattle moving pace which certainly showed no inclination to crushArthur, exhausted and weary with his exertions, amongthe properties in the same wagon, whilst thouse itself was exclusively occupied by the mountebi, his wife and daughter—a child he watched over as ciple of his eye.

About light they reached a spot which, combining wood, wr and grass, besides pleasant shelter, was likely to to their purpose to admiration. Atlas cried a halt, the cattle loose to feed, and then himself sought thepose of which he stood so much in need. The day far gone when Arthur rose from his pile of straw asked about him. For a moment he could scarcely be the scene. They might have been on a deserthe prairie, so little sign of civilisation was there ab The wagons were standing in a row, of which thouse formed the centre, the horses were cropping grass and the tender sprouts of bushes, while threes of the establishment sat occupied in needlewoesmiding all the time over a cauldron of stew, whining over a bright fire, suspended by three poles. Twenty girl sat apart by the caravan, with some indefinable air, one of which she was studying resentatthe master, the giant and the clown formed one groouble the inferior officials—trumpet, drum and otherowded in another quarter. Smoking seemed to their chief occupation. Arthur watched the lands with a strange smile. It was a vagabond life, deed, but there was one element about it which made thbound with delight—that was freedom. As this pass through his mind, he leaped from the cart ahe approached the little tight rope dancer, who looked upd a smile and a blush.

"What thook are you reading?" asked the youth.

"Nice?" the girl, with a pout. "It ain't nice at all—it's fgs."

Arthur by himself on the grass beside her, and found that occupied in trying to master a very difficult germ piece, which he had not before observed. He further a hurried and surprised glance, discovered thother books were an English grammar, French dictith other works of tuition.

"Shall I you?" he asked.

Nelly asced, and the two were speedily hard at work. an hour no one interrupted them. The mountebowever, approached his wife, looked at the two ctudie, and conversed in a low tone for some timeon all hands were summoned to dinner, and, to surprise of Arthur, he thought he had never tasthything more appetising and pleasant, though it only a stew of fish and fowl and potatoes, seasoned with onions, and eaten with bread. After dinner the master of the caravan called him on one side; and, removing to a distance, entered into conversation with our hero.

"Young gentleman," he said, "I wish to know what your intentions are."

"To remain with you, if you will let me," replied Arthur, without hesitation.

"But you are the heir to large estates, to name and rank; such a life is not calculated to suit you for the future. You must be a gentleman."

"Well, sir," said Arthur, in his frank, manly way, "you are a showman as yet a gentleman."

The dark cheeks of the showman flushed with pleasure, while his eyes flashed with unusual brightness.

"But I had finished my education before I chose this life. You have scarcely begun yours."

"I am further advanced than you think. I have been playing the schoolmaster to Nelly, yonder. With books, I can still study many hours in the day."

"There would be ample leisure time," mused Shallaba. "Well—well, you can remain at present. You must have some place in the caravan. What say you?"

"I am ready to do anything or everything," said Arthur. "Teach me what you like. I am very good at the flute, was the best tumbler at school, and often astonished my fellows by my sleight-of-hand card tricks."

Shallaba laughed; but made no comment at the time.

"You believe your stepfather will persecute you to the last?" he said.

"I am sure of it," replied the boy.

"Then must we meet his hate by cunning. I can no more prevent his taking you away by force than I can sup with the Queen. After dinner you and I will start in advance; the caravan can come on behind. I can afford a bit of a holiday."

Arthur drew out his purse, which was tolerably well filled with gold.

"My boy, a sack would not buy me. If I did not think you were right, I should send you back. When you are useful, of course you will be paid, like any one else. In the meantime, if you think proper, you can pay my wife a pound a week for your board."

Arthur acquiesced readily, and then followed the mountebank into his house, from which the two emerged half an hour later, so changed that scarcely the eye of affection or hate would have recognised them. The mountebank, who was in reality about five and thirty, was transformed into a hale, Gipsy looking fellow, with long hair, half black and grey; while Arthur, who was dyed and painted also, with a wig of jet black, looked not only a real Romany, but showed a strange and marvelous likeness to the elder man. Nelly clapped her hands and laughed until she knew they were going away, when she pouted and showed herself very much of a wilful young lady.

"It is for his good," said the mountebank, in a low tone; "his life is in danger. But do not fret yourself, pretty; we shall all meet again in a few days."

Nelly brightened up at once; and so, having fixed a rendezvous, the disguised fugitives left the caravan, which was directed to make as much of a journey as was possible in half a day. The wisdom of Shallaba's precaution was shown before half an hour, when Charles Everton, with two servants, as many constables, and further supported by a search warrant, rode up, and compelled the three vehicles to halt. A severe examination, however, producing no result, Charles Everton turned angrily to the woman, who wore a projecting bonnet to protect herself from the sun, as well as a veil, which she carefully pulled down when the others rode up.

"Where is the owner of the caravan?" he said, in a savage tone. "I must see him!"

"He is absent, sir," was the calm reply. "Surely he is at liberty to attend to his own business."

Charles Everton turned deadly pale as he heard that voice, which appeared to him something like an echo of the past. He stared at her with open mouth, and then noticing that his conduct was exciting attention, remounted his horse.

"I shall keep my eye upon you," he said to her, "and if I find that you have tampered with this insolent boy, I shall have you punished with the utmost rigor of the law!"

And he rode off abruptly.

"That voice," he muttered to himself; "can the grave give up its dead? No—no—it were too horrible."

And with a cold shiver, that lasted until he reached an inn, where he drank a strong glass of brandy, he went blundering along the road.

#### CHAPTER V.
THE STRANGE RETREAT.

Meanwhile the two new acquaintances, who had assumed the names of Monk and Lea, had taken their way by by-paths through woods and over moors in a direction which left little immediate prospect of their being pursued. The mountebank had a marvellous knowledge of the country, never swerving from his course, and when crossing a pathless moor always coming out at the right place. Towards evening, both being tolerably tired, and a small inn presenting itself, they declared a halt, and, having secured a double bedded room, took up a position near a cosy fire in the kitchen, and enjoyed a hearty supper. At daybreak they were again on foot, and still keeping clear of highways, reached, by nightfall, the borders of what appeared to be a large forest. Skirting it for a little way, Monk waited until he reached a small valley with a stream flowing through its midst, which he at once followed. In this way they rapidly descended, until they were near an open space of some extent, in the midst of which sparkled several fires. Still Monk advanced until he heard the unmistakable clink of a horse hopplied to a piece of wood, and immediately after a tall figure arose right in the path.

"Who goes there?" said a hoarse voice.

Monk made a mysterious reply, in a language wholly unknown to Lea, and then the other led him towards the tents, which the youth could see were ranged round the fire in a half circle. Then Lea knew he had taken refuge in a Gipsy camp. Our hero was one of those enthusiasts who, at an age when the responsibilities of life have not yet come upon them, and when existence is more of an ecstatic dream than anything else, always imagine they should like to be what they are not; a Rocky Mountain trapper, a sailor before the mast, a Gipsy boy—anything but a plodding merchant, banker, lawyer or country gentleman. The last dream of our hero had been that of a Gipsy, and here he was transformed into one. Monk was welcomed heartily, and treated as if he had authority amongst these men. The ancient crone who superintended the supper even gave him a good wink; and then, introducing the other as his adopted son, he left him to amuse himself while he held conference with the elders. Lea walked to where a number of boys and girls of about his own age were seated round a fire. Before he came up they had been singing, but were silent as he advanced. There was rather a sullen scowl on the brows of one or two as he stared boldly beside a girl, who, though not older than himself, was quite a woman. The girl, who was as coquettish as she was handsome, made way for him; and when he asked her to go on with her song, at once acquiesced. It was a sweet ballad—a mixture of English and Romany words—and when it was concluded Lea went on speaking with her. A youth of about sixteen or seventeen, swarthy and soiled, here broke in, and bade Zelah rise and join him in a stroll in the forest, instead of talking with the housedweller.

"Don't be a silly boy!" replied Zelah, laughing. "Why not welcome the adopted son of Monk? he is a friend."

"No friend to me," was the sullen answer; "as he will find if he speaks to you."

"A cat may look at a king, and any one may admire a pretty girl!" said Lea, with a merry laugh; "may they not, Zelah?"

With a hoarse cry the Gipsy was on his feet, clutching his stout cudgel. Lea, who was similarly armed, was ready for him; and before any were aware of it, the two were engaged in a fierce, and, to all appearance, deadly combat. All conversation ceased, but on a word from Monk no one interfered. The Gipsy was much taller and stouter than our hero; but in his school Arthur had never been defeated, either at single-stick or fisticuffs. He defended himself with coolness and precision, inflicting at the same time some very severe blows on the other's shins, ribs and hands. At last, with a fierce and terrible curse, the Gipsy dropped the stick. Our hero, thinking the battle over, did the same; but in the next instant saw that the other was rushing at him with a gleaming knife. With perfect decision and coolness, the boy looked keenly at him as he approached, caught his uprained arm by the wrist, and with his right hand hit him between the eyes a blow that buried him sprawling and insensible on the sward.

"Death to the house-dweller!" roared the dozen voices.

"He has killed Pharaoh!"

"Pharaoh!" said a deep voice. "It would serve Pharaoh right if it were so. He was a coward to draw a knife on an unarmed youth. He has only got what he deserved."

The discomfited youth rose furious, actually foaming at the mouth, and prepared to renew the attack.

"Raise but your hand against our guest once more," said the same deep voice, "and I will expel you from the tents."

Dead silence prevailed on the instant, and all returned to their seats save Pharoah, who leaned against a tree at no great distance, scowling with concentrated fury at Lea, who resumed his place beside the beautiful singer. The evening meal was now distributed, and all else apparently forgotten. When the supper was over some allusion was made to the scarcity of "bingo." The youth asked Zelah what that meant. She replied, with a laugh, a supply of cider and brandy. He at once felt for a sovereign and handed it to the nearest boy. With a laugh, he rose and disappeared. Half an hour later there was more laughing than usual in the Gipsy camp, the brandy being given over to the elders, while a goodly supply of cider was distributed among the youths. Presently, however, Monk rose, and calling his *protege* to him, led him to a tent which had been set apart for them. He pointed to a rude couch in one corner, and, without a word, cast himself upon another without speaking one single word. Soon after daybreak and a hasty, forest breakfast, Monk summoned Lea to follow him. They strode through the forest in silence for some time.

"I tell you what, boy," he said at last, "you came near being killed last night. Pharaoh is a wild, savage, and unforgiving spirit. Unless you play your cards very well, you'll come to grief."

"I am not afraid of him."

"Not in fair stand up fight; but the boy is revengeful. You have made him look small before the girls and before his friends. Be careful, and above all, do not again arouse his jealousy."

Arthur promised to act under his instructions, and then the conversation turned.

"The caravan is to meet us in yonder town," said Monk, pointing to a distant spire; "but they will not come so fast as us. The roads wind. But we need lose no time. I shall look about me. When the fair opens I shall go in for a new character—the Black Conjurer."

"You are very dark," said Lea, with a laugh, "but not quite black."

"But I shall be when the day comes. I wish you to understand that, though I shall appear to you a conjurer and fortune teller, I never do harm to anybody; I only amuse and delight them. To-day I shall wander about and pick up information, which, when the time comes, I shall use. You can do the same—set people talking, and when the day comes, we'll have some fun."

Lea laughed, and the other explaining what he had to do, they reached the town.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## MOMENTARY MORALISING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I sat within my arm-chair cosy,
Nodding to myself half dozy,
Where the sunbeams rosh and rosy,
Chased the shadows from the floor;
While without the night was closing
All was dark and cold and freezing;
I could hear the cold wind wheezing,
I could hear the people sneezing,
As they passed before my door.

Opposite, from out my shutter,
A woman's shawl began to flutter,
I fancied I could see her mutter
'Cross the street so damp and wide.
Then her skirts she gently lifted,
For the snow from off them drifted,
Carefully her way she sifted,
(Women in such things are gifted),
Over to the sunny side.

Then, thought I, life's like this hour,
Warmed by sunbeam, cooled by shower,
One side snow, the other, flower,
'Mong which man is doomed to bide.
But until its days are ended,
Through its joys and sorrows blended,
How much happier and contented
Since its ways cannot be mended,
To linger on the sunny side.

W. H. S.

## THE BALD PIG AND WILD GEESE; OR, TESTING A BREECH-LOADER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY J. ESPY.

Old Squire T——, a retired English officer, was justice of the peace in Vineville, a lake shore village on the Canadian border; and, although a man of educated tastes and scholarly habits, was the terror, not only of evil doers, but of every school boy in the place; for, if a foot ball fell into his enclosure, or a kite lit upon his grounds, the juvenile owner could only recover his property at the risk of life, limb and peril of the law; the bull dogs threatening the first and the Squire's official position giving him every legal advantage, when an offender fell into his clutches.

Still his youthful enemies constantly pestered him by filling his padlocks with moulten lead; poisoning his sentinels, the bull dogs; boring holes in the bottom of his favorite yacht; sowing grass seed in his flower beds; mutilating his front fence, or hiring by the day a hand organ artist to grind out "A Fine old English Gentleman" in front of the old high liver's residence, making him so enraged that an attack of asthma was induced, which changed his stentorian voice into a scarcely audible wheeze.

On one occasion the squire had a fine imported pig that was afflicted with skin disease, and hearing of it, one of the older boys told the village druggist that his father's sovereign remedy for this complaint was to thoroughly apply hard wood ashes upon the skin of the animal and turn him out in the rain. The apothecary hastened to inform his friend, the Squire, of this simple and very plausible cure, and upon his recommendation it was applied in a most thorough manner the next foul day. Piggy squealed most heart-rendingly, and ran about like mad until the following morning, when it was discovered that he was a running mass of soft soap; that every bristle was eaten from his hide by the lye formed from the ashes. He was too costly a swine to kill, however; he was carefully wrapped in cotton batting, while the owner commenced legal proceedings against his quondam friend, the unfortunate druggist, and for months that pig was the standing joke of the boys.

He gulled Capt. Mack, one of the best pilots and jolliest fellows sailing on the lakes, to take the grit from the savage old justice. It happened in this wise:—

Captain M.'s bark had "run in" Vineville Harbor to leave a consignment of wheat; and, while his craft was unloading, the captain thought he would spend the remainder of the day in testing his breech-loading shot gun. Game was scarce, and about dark he was slowly proceeding back to the vessel, when he heard a remarkably intelligent appearing youth, and asked him if there was any game to be found in the vicinity.

"Nothing at all except a few wild geese," replied the youth, "and by thunder!" he exclaimed, "there's a whole flock of them now near the shore," as he pointed out Squire T.'s flock of Russian geese; "you'll have to approach them mighty carefully, though, Cap. for the Squire has taken a shine to them, and the man of the house who lets a gun be heard for a mile around will be apt to get into his clutches."

"Bang! bang!" went his piece—over went two geese; the Captain brought them in—loaded his piece, and was coolly advancing on the rest of the flock, when the corpulent owner appeared fuming upon the scene, a horse pistol in either hand, a bull dog at his heels.

"Stop, you scoundrel," wheezed the excited owner; "I fine you twenty-five dollars, you poaching vagabond. Seize him, Towser!"

The Captain

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# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.


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ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **We never answer questions by mail.** All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

BARTUS, Newark, N. J.—The Macready or Astor place riots occurred as follows:—Mr. William Nibio and the late James H. Hackett leased the Astor Place Opera House—now known as Clinton Hall and occupied by the Mercantile Library Association—for the purpose of presenting the English tragedian, William C. Macready, in a series of his impersonations. On May 7th, 1849, he was announced to perform Macbeth in the tragedy of that name, but the performances closed at the commencement of the third act in consequence of the hives of Mr. Macready and Mrs. Coleman Pope—Lady Macbeth—being considered in danger, in consequence of a tremendous riot, incited by parties who had apparently determined that the former should never be heard again in a New York theatre. A large number of prominent citizens, thinking that the spirit of malice had been sufficiently gratified, called upon and urged him to continue his engagement, promising their support and protection. He yielded a reluctant assent and reappeared on the 10th as Macbeth, and the performance passed off so quietly that he returned thanks to the audience for their attention. Outside of the building a different scene was being enacted. A large force of police were assembled, who made such persistent attacks upon the building that the military, who had been ordered out by Mayor Woodhull to preserve the peace, finally discharged their muskets, killing twenty-two and wounding thirty-six persons. Mr. Macready, who had been kept in ignorance of these riotous proceedings during the performance, on attempting to leave the theatre found himself in such imminent peril that he disguised himself in the dress of a woman belonging to the Academy, and escaped Malcolm that evening, and thereby escaped unrecognized. That was the last appearance of Mr. Macready in New York, who, though strongly urged to re-appear, wisely declined so to do.

G. B., Chicago, Ill.—The term auction means selling to the highest bidder; at auction pitch, our opinion is that the one offering the most points has the right to pitch, no matter how many times he bids, although it is done in turn to avoid confusion at play. Any other ruling would be unjust to the seller, and the game would not be *auction* pitch. In this ruling the CLIPPER is endorsed by the *American Hoyle*, which says that, after the dealer has given out all the cards, "the game may begin," etc., which, of course, implies that any one may give more. Custom differs, we know, but the correct rendering of the term "auction" and the deduction or inference given above proves the CLIPPER to be correct in the decision.

G. H. C., Jacksonville, Ill.—1. A and B are playing casino; there are two 4's on the board, and A plays an ace on one of them, making it five. B plays on the remaining 4, saying he is going to build A to ten. Is this correct? 2. A plays an ace on a 6, making it seven, there being a 2 on the board. Can B play an ace on the 2, and make the build of A to ten? 3. On the board are 2, 5, 4 and 7. A holds 3, 9 and 8 aces; can he play 9 to the 7, making it 8, and then play another ace on the same build, making it nine? 1. He cannot. 2. No. 3. He cannot, but his opponent can do so.

A. B. L., Philadelphia.—1. The astronomical fact published in the *Transcript* is a *fact*, but the traveler's days would not be of equal duration, one being a little more than 24 hours and the other a little less. Measuring twenty-four hours actual time for each day, they would be the same length of time, but by continually taking the apparent time as they traveled around the world, one will have *seen* one hundred more days than the other. 2. Euchre is an acknowledged game. 3. No, the pair of fours spoils the sequence.

BOB, Easthampton.—"1. In playing casino, there are two aces on the board, and I hold two aces in my hand. I play one ace on those on the board, and build to ten. The next player maintained that he could put a tray on those aces and build four, thus calling the three aces only one. Is he right? 2. How many points do cards, spades, big and little casino, respectively count?" He cannot. 2. Big casino, 2 points; little casino, 1; cards, 3; spades, 1; aces, 1 each; sweep, 1.

TOUT OU RIEN, Reading, Pa.—1. The amount of alimony is determined by the judge before whom the case is brought, and the only way for it to be proven is by oath. 2. The fare to San Francisco by the overland route is $100 and upwards; by the Isthmus it averages about $150, first class, but they frequently vary the rates by steamer. 3. Cost of living about town will depend considerably on your style, etc. 4. Your manuscript is reasonably good.

P. McF., New Haven, Ct.—Billy Edwards and Tim Collins were tried before the Court of Special Sessions in this city on the 27th, 1871, for engaging in a prize fight near East New York, L. I., and were sentenced to imprisonment on Blackwell's Island for one year and to pay a fine of $1,000 each. They were released on Dec. 6th, their case having been appealed before the Supreme Court, by which their sentence was held to have been illegal.

D. S., New Orleans.—It is the duty of the club on whose ground a regular match is to be played to furnish the legal materials of the game in the form of boards, &c.; but should they not do so, no forfeit can be claimed in consequence of any delay in commencing play occasioned by their inability to get the requisite material in time. Forfeit can only be claimed in case of the failure of the club to have a nine ready to play at the time appointed.

FOND OF LAC.—The offer was that if any horse could accomplish Dexter's feat of trotting to a road wagon (wagon and driver weighing the same) a mile in 2:21¼, under the same conditions, viz., walking from Mr. Bonner's stable in New York, crossing the ferry, and going to Prospect Park and trotting the mile without break or skip, he would give $100,000 for such horse, or $10,000 to see it done.

R. R. V. F., Boston.—1. Garnier claims to have made 2,204 at the three ball game, but only runs made in public matches go upon record. 2. The greatest run at the four ball game, each shot counting three, is said by Davis Fuller, 2. That is the best (two-mile walking time. 4. It was not correct, and therefore does not go on the record.

G. H. B., Jr., Williamsburgh.—We cannot give you the time for the exact distance you mention. Twenty-one miles was accomplished in 90 minutes, actual running time, by a special train between Jaynesville and Chicago, Ill., in September, 1868. A directory can accomplish the distance between Syracuse and Fairport, N. Y., 71 miles, in 70 minutes.

KASINICKO, Cleveland, O.—"At casino, there is a 4 spot on the board, and my opponent holds in his hand a 5 and ace, he plays the ace on the 4, at the same time calling 'five.' I hold in my hand an 8 and 3, and I place the 3 on his build, and thus make it eight out of his hand. Is my play correct?".....You can.

C. A. B., Lowell, Mass.—At cribbage, two points are taken when "thirty-one" is made, but only one for a "go" or last card. 2. For a deuce turned up "two for his heels" are taken. 3. A flush in hand counts whether the trump card is of the same suit or not, but in crib the trump must be of the same suit, or it does not count.

C. B., Jamestown, N. Y.—A can play his ace on his previous build of nine, and call it ten. 2. The Jack is the highest card. 3. You cannot play alone if your partner assists. 4. B can either trump or follow suit.

OSCAR, Mobile, Ala.—1. We have American actresses who speak the pure English language, and so we have stated in referring to the broken-Dutch party in question. 2. Have been sent regularly, but will forward duplicate of the missing numbers.

W. H., Brooklyn.—The twin sisters—Sophie Irene and Jenny—played an engagement at the Broadway Theatre, near the corner of Broome street and Broadway, commencing Jan. 14th, 1867, and terminating Feb. 23d, that year.

OWEN.—A is in the right one to go. B was very foolish in giving him (A) three points, as that was equal to giving him the game. A won, of course. 2. Jack counts as soon and as often as turned up, unless a mistake occurs.

SUBSCRIBER.—Breech-loaders are now preferred by the majority of sportsmen to muzzle-loaders for active service in the field. Stub twist barrels are generally thought superior to laminated steel barrels.

W. H. T., Boston.—1. In our opinion B has the privilege of making a new offer. 2. He must cut three or more cards. 3. An ace is both a spot and a court card. 4. A's hand is foul, and he must stand out that deal.

T. W., East Point, Ga.—The only persons by the name of Howes who are circus managers, are Seth Howes, now and for many years past in England, and Egbert Howes, manager of the London Circus.

H. A. B., Franklin.—In a misdeal at straight poker, the hands with too many or too few cards in them are foul, and the dealer loses his deal.

FLORAMA, Oswego, N. Y.—1. We think it would be very doubtful if you could make the exhibition you name pay. 2. In some few instances.

CON. S., Washington, D. C.—You will find the rules of casino in "American Hoyle," we have not space for their publication. The game is of Italian origin.

J. B. McL., Pittsburgh.—Must play his diamond on the trick, and the partner's queen of trumps must also remain on it, as he cannot take advantage of his partner's misplay to euchre A.

KING EX.—The Vokes family are singers, dancers and actors, some one or more members of that family excelling in each department.

D. H.—1. A man can be elected President of the United States more than two terms. 2. L. F. H. wins, because Barney Williams was born in the county of Cork, Ireland.

C. T.—Mr. Forster, the dramatic agent, died in this city on the 23d of Sept., 1870; consequently our contemporary was in error in its answer.

NOVICE, Chicago.—They pay their bills for advertising in the CLIPPER. We don't know nothing about their business qualifications or reliability.

SEA CAPTAIN, Kingston, Pa.—Unless you know the name of the ship, Lloyds would not give you the information; but you might get it from a person in England to search their registers in Liverpool and London.

NELLIE NESTERS.—So long a time has elapsed since the publication of the article to which you're in response, that the point of the same would be lost; hence its omission.

HENRY BOP & CO., Philadelphia.—When the cards are played thus, 5, 6, 7, 8, 4, after discharge, there is no sequence, as the pair of nines spoils it.

LADY LEVERIER.—B was right in his second bid of three. The seller is justified in getting the highest bid he can for his right and title, otherwise it would not be auction pitch.

J. H., Mansfield, O.—You do not specify what particular rules are required, but the work on Game Fowl, advertised in this paper, contains all the rules printed on Cocking.

MARY ANNE, Haverstraw, N. Y.—Your adversary had no right to play a nine hand against yours, and can only score two points for the centre.

F. M. M.—Commence at the lowest round of the ladder and work your way up. The very actors to whom you refer did the same.

H. C.—The largest stake fought for in the prize ring in this country was $10,000, by Hyer and Sullivan; in England, £3,000, by Sheenan and King.

FOUR OF A TRAMBLE.—1. We believe the Shamrocks are the champions at present. 2. There is no tunnel there. It was filled in years ago.

VARSITY TOWN.—The race between the Paris crew, of St. John, and the Tyne crew, which resulted fatally to James Renforth, took place on the Kennebeccasis river, N. B., Aug. 23d, 1871.

T. MCK., Chicago.—As the parties objecting cannot prove that the statement occurred in the deal when Jack was turned, the latter must be scored.

H. C.—A is wrong; he cannot claim two points because B played with six cards; bet, on the contrary, he loses his deal for making a mistake.

J. M. F.—Straights do not count at bluff unless specially agreed upon, and then their value must also be specified, as in some cases they beat three of a kind, and in others only two pairs.

CONSTANT.—The light-weight limit is 133 lbs., and any one aspiring to the title of champion must be willing to equal at that weight in order to be eligible for the position.

A. B. L., New Orleans, La.—It would be next to impossible for you to get an engagement in a theatre in this city. They do not employ novices.

ANON, New Orleans, La.—1. You will find it difficult to procure such a work as you name. 2. No, not in the legitimate game.

*New York, Nov. 7th, 1867.*

MASTER'S FERRY, Belmont Co., O.—The party betting that $300 was not paid for the lecture, loses his wager. A person can win who bets on a certainty.

W. M., Old New Haven.—"In casino, if A makes a build of eight, with ace and 9, can B make it nine or ten? In other words, can B build on A's build?".....Yes.

C. F., Augusta, Ga.—1. The cards must all be dealt and played, and if both sides are out the game is a stand off. 2. We do not know. 3. Too much flourishing about it for book-keeping.

KENDALL, Fort Harker.—Four aces form the best hand at poker. A straight flush does not count unless a special agreement is made before commencing.

POKER, Pittsburgh.—As all the parties who saw the blind decline to bet after drawing cards, the pool becomes the property of the player who went the blind and who holds the ace.

C. S., Baltimore.—B wins the bet, as A failed to throw 24 in two rows.

C. E., Pleasantville.—The fastest mile record in this country is 1:43, made by Salina and Fadladeen. There is no official time taken in England.

R. M. S., Biddeford, Me.—The card being exposed in helping, the player has no choice in the matter, and cannot receive the card.

M. McG., Nashville.—1. Longfellow never ran a four mile race previous to meeting Helmbold at Saratoga. 2. Lexington's best four mile time is 7:39¾.

J. J. A., Dresden, O.—We have no knowledge of his present whereabouts, but a letter addressed in care of this office, stating his former business, will reach him.

W. K.—1. There are none to be had. 2. We may do so at some future time. 3. The heaviest dumb bell, of which we have any record as having been put up with one hand, is 165 lbs.

JAS. MCC., Boston.—The Tyne crew had rowed about three-fourths of a mile when Renforth fainted during the race on the Kennebeccasis.

JAMES H., Rutland.—1. The contest to which you allude was not for the championship, but simply an exhibition of skill in wrestling. 2. Don't know the man.

MOST, Albany, N. Y.—1. The fight between Heenan and Sayers resulted in a draw. 2. Heenan's next fight was with Tom King, by whom he was beaten.

M. BURNS, Rochester.—You will find your questions answered in any good geography of the United States.

H. S., Paola, Kan.—Jeff. was disguised in female apparel at the time of his capture.

C. C. H., Oregon.—We have no means of obtaining the information you ask for.

C. B., Chicago.—1. Morrissey's weight the day he fought Heenan was 168 lbs. 2. Can't say.

HYLAND, Clarke.—As C played against A and B combined, it was B's turn after A.

SPORT, Angola, Ind.—W. F. Cody is known as Buffalo Bill. Wild Bill was another person, who died some time since.

WALLIE.—Received, but we have not yet had time to examine them.

NAUTILUS, Philadelphia.—He loses ninety-five dollars and the booth.

GEORGE.—It was advertised, but we do not think ever was drawn.

J. B., Fort Fred. Steele, W. T.—F. Grote's number is 84 Fulton street.

E. P., San Francisco.—The fastest double team time, one mile, is 2:27¾, made by Jesse Wales and Darkness.

PHILA.—C cannot draw his money back, neither can he call for a new deal.

WICHITA, Kansas.—1. High deals at seven up, ace being high. 2. Low deals at whist, and cribbage, but not in all trump games.

A. J. A., Big Rapids.—You cannot, after building six with your ace and the 5 on the board, make it seven with your other ace.

R. C., New Orleans, La.—Address him a letter in care of this office.

J. E. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Edwin Booth has two brothers living, viz., Junius Brutus and Joseph.

A. W., Washington, D. C.—We never answer questions pertaining to the private affairs of professional people.

W. J. L. G., Buffalo, N. Y.—Send to Ed. James, whose card you will find among our advertisements.

SEGAR, Elmira.—1. See answer to P. McF. 2. They fought on the 20th of May, 1871.

SNOOP, Independence, Iowa.—In pigeon shooting the measurement for the boundary is made from the trap.

SMALL EDWARD, Frederick, Md.—It is a misdeal, and the cards must be dealt over. A forfeiting his deal.

TUTE.—We cannot say where the rules of the game of "penocle" can be obtained.

E. D., Washington.—The butt of the gun must be held below the elbow until the bird is on the wing.

J. R. Q., Golden, Col.—Herzog's fastest one mile time was 1:43½, at Cincinnati.

CONSTANT READER, Vicksburg.—The game is a stand off between A and B.

LAMPKIN, Wenona, Ill.—Poker is a show game, and it is immaterial what A called his hand; it shows for itself.

J. W. B., West Troy.—A player can build two or more piles at the same time at casino.

INFANT, Maitona, Ill.—See our annual record of circuses, which will be published in a future number of the CLIPPER.

A. W., Albany, N. Y.—He is traveling with a dramatic company, but a letter addressed in care of this office will reach him.

W., Westfield.—Tom Sharpley was the person shot, and not George Christy.

F. G. R., Portland.—We do not attend to such matters, except for publication in the CLIPPER.

G. S., Cincinnati.—In a former volume we published a poem on the same subject; otherwise yours should have a place.

G. M. W., Towanda.—We have no record of his having attempted that feat, and if he did he failed to accomplish it.

ESQUIRER, Nashville, Tenn.—Joe Dion ranks next best to his brother Orville.

CINCINNATI.—We gave you all the information we could in the last issue, and do not think the lady is playing now.

P. A. D., Rochester, N. Y.—Further than as waste paper we do not think they are worth anything.

FREEMAN, Pittsburgh, Pa.—We have no knowledge of his whereabouts.

STOCKER, Boston, Mass.—1. Address him in care of this office. 2. Julia Bennett Barrow is in England.

H., Armada, Mich.—A letter addressed to the lady, specifying her line of business, in care of this office, will reach her.

OLD STONY, Petrolia, Can.—1. Dan Donnelly was never defeated in a prize fight. 2. We have not heard of Harris for some time.

J. B. A., St. Louis, Mo.—We can't say precisely, but the *New York Weekly* claims the privilege.

W. J., New Orleans, La.—The dealer was entitled to the point for Jack, and to continue his deal.

PLAYER, Philadelphia.—We do not know what the salaries are that are paid by clubs.

DERBY.—The Athletics won the pennant, the Boston being second and Chicago third.

SNUB.—Beecher's church will not seat more people than Talmage's Tabernacle, in Brooklyn.

JACK SNIPE.—Breech-loaders are now preferred by the majority of sportsmen to muzzle-loaders for active service in the field. Stub twist barrels are generally thought superior to laminated steel barrels.

W. H. T., Boston.—1. In our opinion B has the privilege of making a new offer. 2. He must cut three or more cards. 3. An ace is both a spot and a court card. 4. A's hand is foul, and he must stand out that deal.

T. W., East Point, Ga.—The only persons by the name of Howes who are circus managers, are Seth Howes, now and for many years past in England, and Egbert Howes, manager of the London Circus.

H. A. B., Franklin.—In a misdeal at straight poker, the hands with too many or too few cards in them are foul, and the dealer loses his deal.

FLORAMA, Oswego, N. Y.—1. We think it would be very doubtful if you could make the exhibition you name pay. 2. In some few instances.

CON. S., Washington, D. C.—You will find the rules of casino in "American Hoyle," we have not space for their publication. The game is of Italian origin.

J. B. McL., Pittsburgh.—Must play his diamond on the trick, and the partner's queen of trumps must also remain on it, as he cannot take advantage of his partner's misplay to euchre A.

KING EX.—The Vokes family are singers, dancers and actors, some one or more members of that family excelling in each department.

D. H.—1. A man can be elected President of the United States more than two terms. 2. L. F. H. wins, because Barney Williams was born in the county of Cork, Ireland.

C. T.—Mr. Forster, the dramatic agent, died in this city on the 23d of Sept., 1870; consequently our contemporary was in error in its answer.

NOVICE, Chicago.—They pay their bills for advertising in the CLIPPER. We don't know nothing about their business qualifications or reliability.

SEA CAPTAIN, Kingston, Pa.—Unless you know the name of the ship, Lloyds would not give you the information; but you might get it from a person in England to search their registers in Liverpool and London.

NELLIE NESTERS.—So long a time has elapsed since the publication of the article to which you're in response, that the point of the same would be lost; hence its omission.

HENRY BOP & CO., Philadelphia.—When the cards are played thus, 5, 6, 7, 8, 4, after discharge, there is no sequence, as the pair of nines spoils it.

LADY LEVERIER.—B was right in his second bid of three. The seller is justified in getting the highest bid he can for his right and title, otherwise it would not be auction pitch

# THE RING.

## THE PUGILISTIC CHAMPIONSHIP.

There still remains the same impediment in the way of a consummation of the half-made match between Red O'Baldwin and Jim Mace as existed when we went to press last week, a final stakeholder not yet having been agred upon. Mace has been sojourning in this city, and O'Baldwin in Philadelphia, and neither has communicated with the other upon the subject. It is about time this unnecessary procrastination was brought to an end in one way or another. If it is not soon settled satisfactorily, the public will naturally be impressed with the idea that neither principal is particularly anxious to bring about a test of their relative scientific attainments and physical powers. On the morning of April 1st we received a visit from Johnny Dwyer, who was with O'Baldwin in Philadelphia last week, and he informs us that before leaving he was authorized by Red to say that one of his FOUR (4) backers had an interview with Alderman William McMullen a few days ago, and mentioned the name of a prominent resident of the Quaker City, who had consented to act as stakeholder, if agreed upon, and that Mr. McMullen unhesitatingly stated that he considered him a man in every respect suitable for the position. From O'Baldwin's statement, it seems that Mace, prior to leaving Philadelphia, announced that in the event of Mr. Morrissey declining to act, he would be willing to accept anybody whom the Alderman considered eligible. Ned also desired to say that Mace promised, upon leaving Philadelphia, to communicate with him by letter as soon as possible after arriving in New York, but that he failed to do so. If this closing sentence of the gentleman above alluded to (whose names we are not now at liberty to mention), O'Baldwin says he'll meet him anywhere in New Jersey, about half way between their present residences, and select some person as custodian of the stakes, and upon hearing shortly after from Alderman Mace at our office, and upon hearing the message Red had sent, said that if Mr. McMullin would become responsible for the amount of the stakes, he would accept the gentleman designated. A communication was sent to the Alderman by mail, requesting information upon this important point, and should he decline to become personally responsible, then Jim wishes Ned to meet him at Joe Coburn's Old House at Home, Port Chester, Westchester Co., N. Y., on Friday afternoon, April 5th, there to make another effort to decide upon a stakeholder. He says he has a number of good fair dealing men to propose, but O'Baldwin seems to have but one or two to whom he is willing to entrust the stake money. A second deposit of $250 was placed in the hands of Ed. James, temporary stakeholder, on behalf of Mace, April 1st, as called for by the articles; but if the present week should be allowed to pass without a stakeholder being secured, his backers think it advisable to draw their money and let the matter drop, instead of continuing to agitate it, with so little prospect of success.

P. S.—Just before going to press we received a dispatch from O'Baldwin, stating that he would leave Philadelphia for this city at 6.45 P. M., on the 1st inst.

COBURN AND THE HARLEM BRIDGE AFFAIR.—The sensation accounts in the dailies from the pen of an "eye witness," relative to a little fracas which took place recently on the bridge which connects or separates Harlem from Morrisania, between Joe Coburn and a member of the Metropolitan force, have caused us to look into the same, and we will relate how it happened. Joe on the said occasion had been on a visit to the village before mentioned, and were returning on the cars, the ex-champion being on the back platform, and the trainer inside sitting alongside of the conductor. While thus seated a policeman in citizen's dress, Mr. what afterwards proved to be a policeman in citizen's dress, Mr. Policeman, hauled out a book and commenced "scratching," whereupon the trainer remarked, "Anything but a spotter," to which the officer replied, "Who do you call a spotter?" said the M. P. "Why, spotter, anyhow." Other words followed, and the two go into a regular jawing match—the trainer in fun, and the loonst-handler in earnest. At this juncture Coburn, who was known to the officer, and presumed he was a stranger to the other, told them that if they didn't stop jawing he'd warm them both. "You won't hit me!" says Joe's friend, and the M P would be d—d if he'd hit him, and the two stopped their quarrel and directed their fire upon Coburn. Then the trio got out, the policeman dealt Joe a straight one on the nose, causing the blood to flow, at which he burst out laughing, but on the same instant the trainer dealt him one on his listener, which "done" down came the officer, shouting "murder" as loud as to attract the attention of Officer Murphy and other policemen on this side, who rushed to the rescue. One collared the trainer, but, recognizing him, and told him to get across the bridge or he'd have to go in limb. Murphy grabbed Coburn by the collar, and the first thing he knew he was down; on jumping up and coming for Joe, he got another dose, and it was getting hot, when other officers rushed in and Coburn was captured and locked up, and put under bail to answer the charge of assault and battery. When the day came, the officers withdrew the charge, however, and that was the last of it.

DUTCH HEINRICH SENTENCED TO PRISON.—On March 29th and 30th the trial of Henry Newman, *alias* "Dutch Heinrich," charged with the larceny of railroad bonds to the amount of $33,000 from the office of J. S. Kennedy & Co., Cedar street, on Jan. 18th, took place in the Court of General Sessions, this city, before Recorder Hackett, and resulted in the rendering of a verdict of guilty. Before pronouncing sentence the clerk asked Newman if he had anything to say, and he replied, in a voice slightly tremulous, "I am as innocent of the crime I am accused of as anybody in this court room. It is a conspiracy all the way through. I have nothing more to say." The Recorder then sentenced him to imprisonment for ten years in the State Prison. An attempt was made to prove an *alibi*, witnesses for the defence swearing that they had met the prisoner in Philadelphia on the day the robbery was committed, while several detective officers swore just as stoutly that they had seen him in this city on that date.

A FATAL ENDING TO A FIGHT.—Upon another page of this issue appears an account of a prize ring encounter between Tom Callis and Jack Connor, which recently took place at Long Branch, Eng. From another account, of a later date, we learn that Callis fell to the ground insensible shortly after leaving the ring, and medical attendance being summoned, he was pronounced in a dangerous condition and immediately removed to the Oakland Union Workhouse, where he lingered until the following morning, March 16th, when he expired. The other principal was arrested, together with Jack Hicks, Dennis Harrington and Alfred Fallen, as aiders and abettors, all of whom were at once taken before a magistrate, who, after hearing the statements of police officials, decided to remand the case, refusing to accept bail.

CARR VS. O'CONNOR.—The match between Dan Carr and Mike G. O'Connor, for $250 a side, which was to have been decided on the turf, half way between Dubuque, Iowa, and Lacrosse, Wis., on May 1st, has fallen through, the latter having failed to post the second and final deposit on time, April 1st, and Carr whose money, $125, reached us in due season, claims forfeit. In a letter which accompanied Dan's deposit, he says that Mike was at Lacrosse on March 27th and desired an extension of time for twenty days, to enable him to raise the money, which Carr refused, having done that once previously. He says he will leave $100 in the hands of John J. Connors for the purpose of making a fresh match if O'Connor wishes to do so. We will here take occasion to remark that we wish both men, and another match be made, to post their money elsewhere than with us, as we've been put to $00 much trouble on their account already.

UNCLE TOVEE has secured Harry Hill's, the scene of his most recent triumph upon the mimic stage, for the afternoon of Thursday, April 18th, when a *matinee* performance will be given for the benefit. As the interim he intends to take extra care of himself, so as to be able to give any old 'un who has the temerity to face him a trouncing.

MIKE COBURN and George Seddons' match to spar for thirty minutes with blackened buckskins, is to be decided at Harry Hill's Varieties on Thursday afternoon, April 4th. They will be assisted by a number of professors of the fistic art and the company connected with this establishment.

JACK GOULDING has been lying ill with erysipelas at the City Hospital, Kansas City, Mo., for the past three weeks, but is now convalescent.

BUTT RILEY desires his brothers, Mike and Pete, to send their addresses to him, in care of this office.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Mike Costello and John W. Cozad.

# AQUATICS.

## ELLIS WARD vs. A FOUR OAR.

After two postponements, necessitated by unfavorable weather, the second race of the series between Ellis Ward, the youngest of the Ward Brothers, in a single scull and a four-oared shell, manned by members of the Forest City Club, came off at Savannah, Ga., on March 27th. As before, when Ward won, he was allowed ten seconds in a one mile race. The wind was strong against the backs of the oarsmen, and the water very lumpy, which operated more to the disadvantage of Ellis than to that of his opponents. The starting judges, Major C. A. Withers and Major James T. Stewart, were stationed in a small boat anchored off the wharf of the upper press. Ward, having won the choice, took the inside position, next to the Savannah shore. At 4.45 the word was given, and both boats got off well together, Ward having perhaps a trifle the advantage, and in the first half a dozen strokes succeeded in getting a lead of two lengths. At the Exchange the relative positions of the boats had changed but very little, the sculler being still nearly two lengths to the fore. Abreast of the steamer Wyoming, the bow of the Lucile just lapped the stern of the Ward, and the crew, putting on a spurt, drew level. At the bow of the steamer Gen. Barnes they had put their boat a half length ahead and it became a foregone conclusion that they would win the race, though the fact of their winning by so much must be attributed to a mistake on the part of Ward, who for a moment, on hearing the gun, just then fired from the Barnes, took the signal which the starting judges had announced would indicate the termination of the race. At the firing of the gun both boats slacked up, but Ward lost two full strokes and allowed the Lucile to increase her half length to her full length, after both boats were again under headway. From this point to the terminus the Lucile, with a long, heavy stroke of forty to the minute, continued to increase her lead, and finally passed the judges' boat two seconds ahead, the time for the mile being:—Lucile, 6:09½; Ellis Ward, 6:39¾. Both boats reported to the judges that all was fair, and received from Capt. Lewis Young, one of the terminal judges, the announcement of the award—$75 to the Lucile and $25, second money, to Ward.

THE ATALANTA'S INTERNATIONAL CREW.—The probable weights of the chosen four of the Atalanta Club, who are to compete with the experienced quartet of the leading amateur organization of Athlon, will be as follows:—Smith, 148 lbs.; Van Rader, 153 lbs.; O'Neil, 135 lbs.; Withers, 153 lbs. This is an average of about 180 lbs.—much less than will be that of the Atalantas, which will be considerably the practice boat of the Atalantas, which is of cedar, weighing, outrigger and all, a trifle over 100 lbs. Her dimensions are as follows:—length, 41ft.; width, 17¾in.; height of stem, 8in.; height of stern, 4¼in.; depth, amidships, 7½in. The shell which they intend using in the match on the 27th will be constructed by the same builder, of white pine. Ed. Smith is also having a single scull shell, of the following dimensions, built at this establishment:—length, 29ft. 10in.; width, 10¼in.; height of stem, 9¼in.; height of stern, 5¼in.; depth, amidships, 8¼in. They had their first pull together on the Passaic river, N. J., on March 30th, and will hereafter row together as regularly and as much as possible previous to their departure for England, on or about April 13th.

THE BIGLINS VS. COULTER AND CAVITT.—But a little more than six weeks are to elapse from present writing until the above oarsmen of New York and Allegheny city, Pa., respectively, meet upon the Schuylkill river, to test their prowess in a paired match, for $1,000 a side, and they are making preparations to enter without unnecessary delay upon a course of preparation for what promises to be a determined struggle. Ald. Charley Elliott, of Greenpoint, L. I., will construct the shell to be used by the Biglins, while Coulter will, we understand, build that in which he and his partner will be seated on May 20th. We now hold $100 from each side, and the second $400 a side has to be forthcoming on April 20th; the balance, $500 a side, to be staked on May 13th.

SCHARFF VS. BUTLER.—One hundred dollars a side are now up for the match between Wm. Scharff, of East Birmingham, Pa., and T. C. Butler, of Boston, for $1,000, to be rowed on the Schuylkill on June 7th, we having received a certificate from Charles V. Bunten, on behalf of the West End Club, on March 30th. The next deposit, $300 a side, must be staked on May 1st., and the balance, $200 a side, four days later, or forfeit.

PACIFIC ROWING CLUB.—A boating club bearing the above title was organized at San Francisco, Cal., on March 19th, the officers elected being as follows:—President, J. A. Cameron; vice president, J. G. Durner; recording secretary, W. G. Hughes; financial secretary, N. C. White; treasurer, J. A. Murphy; trustees, M. J. Kerrigan, R. Cunningham and G. Ferris.

THE CAPTAIN of the Harvard University crew, W. C. Loring, fell upon the side-walk at Cambridge, Mass., a few days ago, fracturing his collar bone. This incapacitates him from occupying his accustomed place in the University six oar. R. H. Dana, of the Sophomore class, will probably be substituted.

NEW CLUB.—A boat club was recently organized at Hartford, Conn., by the election of the following officers:—President, J. A. Smith; vice president, D. W. C. Skilton; secretary, F. L. Bunce; treasurer, John G. Root.

THE CAMBRIA, Mr. Ashbury's schooner yacht, has been disposed of to Mr. A. Woods, of Liverpool, Eng., subject to a survey proving satisfactory on docking.

JOHN A. BIGLIN will find a letter addressed to him at this office.

# CURLING.

THE ST. ANDREW'S CURLING CLUB, N. Y.—The annual meeting of this club took place at the Knickerbocker Cottage, Sixth avenue, on March 23d. After the secretary and treasurer's reports were read and accepted, and other business of the past season attended to, the meeting proceeded to the election of officers for the coming year, with the following result:—President, John R. Mattison; vice president, A. Hoagland; secretary and treasurer, Joseph Henderson; council of management, W. Ritchie, James Fraser and W. Stewart; representatives to Royal Caledonian Club, of Scotland, Wm. Brand and M. McDougall; representative to Grand National Club, A. Hoagland. John Bett, for many years a resident of this city, but now residing in Scotland, was unanimously elected an honorary member, before the election of officers. Mr. A. Hyslop, amid much laughter, presented the "Thornill Cup" to the club, in commemoration of an important victory achieved by his comrades during the past curling season.

THE TORONTO CURLING CLUB has concluded the playing for the Thomson-Scovill medal. The match began with 40 players, in pairs, and continued until the following were left:—Messrs. Meath, Forbes, Heward and Capt. Perry. Perry beat Keith, and was in turn beaten by Heward, who was finally beaten by Forbes, leaving the old veteran in possession of the medal and champion of the Toronto curlers.

THE THISTLE CURLING CLUB, N. Y.—This club held its annual meeting on March 23d and elected the following officers:—President, John Simpson; vice-president, R. Mitchell; treasurer, Charles Mackenzie; rec. secretary, John Watt; cor. secretary, John Campbell (341 Tenth avenue); council of management, A. Sym, J. Thomson and Charles Hay; rep. member, W. Brander.

# PEDESTRIANISM.

FIVE MILES WALKING MATCH.—An amateur walking match, distance five miles, for a cup valued at $10, was decided at the Borough grounds, Preston, Eng., on March 21, the contestants being H. W. Stelh, of the Preston Gymnasic Club, and D. Smith, of the Burnley Cricket Club. Both men had previously taken part in amateur competitions. W. H. Woods started the pair by pistol and Smith at once dashed off with a lead of two or three yards, making the pace very hot for a lap and a half, apparently with the intention of cutting his man down. About the middle of the second lap Stelh, however, closed up, and in a few strides passed into first place, which he held for a little while, and then Smith, spurting, resumed the lead. In the third lap Stelh again challenged for first place, took the lead, and kept it until entering the fourth circuit; Smith, with a final effort, in which he for a moment broke, for the last time showed in front. The race was, however, now virtually over. In another 10th yards the Preston man closed up, went finally in front, and laying fairly down to his work, drew rapidly away, going in beautiful style and with undeniable fairness. Smith struggled on, lap after lap till the eleventh, when Stelh, being then nearly 220 yards ahead, he stopped, and left his opponent to complete the distance at his leisure. Stelh walked on at a tolerable pace, and pulled up as fresh as at starting, doing the five miles in 45 min. 36 sec.

ONE MILE FOOT RACE.—At the City Grounds, Manchester Eng., on March 9th, J. Mather and F. Adams contended in a mile match, for £10 a side. When a start was made Mather jumped to the front, and started on the running for about 300 yards, closely pursued by Adams. At this point the latter made a sprint to the front, and held the lead until the half mile point was reached, where Mather again took up the running, and going very strong, soon placed a wide gap between himself and Adams. The latter, however, persevered with a gameness deserving of success, and again and again made an effort to supplant Mather, which he was unable to effect, and his repeated exertions began to tell upon him as he ran the Manchester stretch of the course in the last round. Nearing home he showed evident symptoms of distress, and began gradually to fall more and more into the rear. The favorite held a commanding lead when entering the straight, and when Adams had traversed about 40 yards of its length he retired from the contest, and Mather went the remainder of the journey alone and at his leisure. Time, 5min. 1sec. P. Waddacor was stakeholder and referee.

H. VAUGHAN AND G. FARRY contended in a seven miles walking match, for £25 a side, at the Royal Oak Park, Manchester, Eng., March 16th. Vaughan won with ease by 250 yards, in 57 mins. 54 secs.

MATTHEW MCCLUSKY defeated David Thomas by about seventeen feet in a one hundred yards race, for $100 a side, at Erie, Col. Ter., on March 17th.

# BILLIARDS.

DODDS VS. DAVIS.—At the Opera House billiard rooms, Pittsburgh, Pa., a match was played on March 26th between Wm. Dodds and Joseph Davis, both of whom have frequently appeared as principals in match games, and won considerable local reputation as manipulators of the cue. It was for a stake of $750, Davis betting $500 against $250, three-ball game, 1,000 points. Davis was the favorite at the outstart, but Dodds, towards midnight, took the lead considerably, having but 75 points to run to 143 on Davis' string. Davis now, when even most of his friends supposed his chances lost, made some excellent runs, and it was confidently believed he would get out first, but towards the end the scales turned once more in Dodds' favor, and he eventually won by five points. Joe Dion occupied a judicial seat by the table during the progress of the game. Davis' highest run was 67 points and Dodds' 41.

THE CUE AT NEW HAVEN, CT.—Mr. Wm. Merrick, lately of New York, who recently purchased the billiard room under Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., opened it on Thursday evening, March 28th, when Melvin Foster defeated George Stone, of Hartford, in a game of 700 points, Foster giving odds of 200, and winning by 150, for a purse of $50. This was followed by a French carom game of 100 points, Foster giving Stone 20 points, and Stone winning by 13.

JOSEPH DION, on the evening of March 26th, attempted to play three cracks in billiarding of Allegheny County, Pa., for a purse of $250, at Pittsburgh. He was badly beaten, however, scoring only 624 to 1,000. Nelson, Dodds and Davis played against him. Nelson made the best average, and Dodds the highest run—99. Dion's best run was 397, and his average about 47.

A BILLIARD MATCH, for $50 a side, is to be played at Chicago, Ill., on the 3d inst., at Sadler's Hall, between Frank Parker and John W. Coon, French caroms, 200 points up.

A FORMAL RE-OPENING of Carpenter's billiard saloon, Morrisania, N. Y., which was burned out a few weeks since, is to take place on the evening of Saturday, the 6th inst., when several cue experts are to take a hand in.

MONS. AND MAD. GARNIER and Maurice Daly exhibitioned at the Revere House, Toronto, Ont., on Monday evening, March 25th.

F. BUSSEY, Sr., and Philip Fetter shot a pigeon match for $100 a side, at Erie, Col. Ter., on March 17th and 18th, the latter being conceded two dead birds to the seventeen. New York man Bussey won, killing 14, while his opponent brought down two only. The conclusion of the match on the first day was protested by an affray, John Porter firing two shots from a revolver, wounding two persons slightly, and being shot in the breast, it is supposed fatally.

A LIVELY pigeon shooting contest took place at East Liberty, Pa., recently, in the presence of a large crowd of sports. The sweepstakes was $250, and the entries John Clark, David Aiken and Spencer. Mr. Spencer won the prize, killing 14 out of 15.

THE CHICAGO CONFLAGRATION has tested the charity of the age we live in to the tune of about $4,505,000 in cash, it is estimated, viz.:—Masonic relief fund, $93,000; Odd Fellows, $31,000; printers, $20,000; physicians, $10,000; Young Men's Christian Association, $35,000; artists, $10,000; actors, $6,000; churches, about $250,000; other organizations, $50,000, while goods and provisions are valued at about $1,000,000.

MR. BUTLER PARR, the veteran cricketer, and father-in-law of Richard Daft, died at his residence, Radcliffe-on-Trent, Eng., March 16th, aged 61.

## DUCROW AT DRURY LANE.

The year 1833 was memorable for the coalition, for a season, of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres. Both establishments came under the government of the once famous Mr. Alfred Bunn, whose monopoly, as it was called, did not enjoy, however, a very prolonged existence. But as it was part of the manager's plan to stay the system of rivalry and imitation which had long been carried on by the two theatres, he resolved to banish clown and pantaloon for a term from Drury Lane, and in lieu of a Christmas pantomime to produce the grand pageant of "St. George and the Dragon." To Ducrow was entrusted the stage arrangement of this spectacle.

The part of St. George was allotted to him, and the whole strength of his equestrian establishment was enlisted for the occasion. Mr. Bunn, in his book of the Stage, while recognising Ducrow's untiring zeal to perfect the performance of the drama, makes mention of the diverting manner in which he was accustomed to carry out his measures. An instance of this occurred at an early rehearsal of the spectacle. The second act opened with the celebration of the nuptials of the Emperor's daughter, the ceremony being interrupted by the entrance of a neatherd, in great dismay, with the announcement that the scourge of Egypt, the dragon, had reappeared upon the coast.

Ducrow had instructed the supernumeraries, on hearing this intelligence, to rush, terrified, to the throne of the monarch for counsel; then to the chancellor, to whom the monarch was supposed to refer them; and lastly, on the advice of the chancellor, to the kindled altar of the gods of Egypt. Over and over again was this incident rehearsed. The supernumeraries could not be induced to give any life or expression to the scene. In a mob they moved to and fro, without the slightest indication of the panic that was supposed to be afflicting them.

Ducrow, in a state of fury, sprang upon the stage, and acted the scene for them, exclaiming the while, "Look here, you fools! You should rush up to the King, that old fellow sitting there, and say, 'Look here, old fellow the dragon has come, and we're in a dreadful mess, and you must get us out of it.'" The King says, 'Don't bother me, go to Brougham.'" (Lord Brougham was chancellor at that period.) "You all rush to Brougham. Brougham cries out in a rage, 'What do I know about a dragon? Go to your gods! And your gods is that lump of tow burning on that bit of timber there?" The wild speech, thus prepared with vehement expletives, he accompanied with the most admirable pantomimic action, and ultimately succeeded in imparting to his troop something of his own spirit. "St. George" proved a great success, and was followed by a similar work, "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." It was acknowledged that the popularity of these spectacles was mainly due to the efforts of Ducrow, and he was made the recipient of various presents and testimonials. Queen Adelaide gave £100, Mr. Bunn presented him with gold and silver vases of considerable value, the company of his own amphitheatre bestowed upon him a gold snuffbox, with a suitable inscription, and Count D'Orsay, to complete Ducrow's costume of a Greek chieftain—he performed that character in certain of his scenes—presented him with pistols and dirk mounted in ivory and gold, which had originally belonged to Lord Byron.

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

*Continued from Page 7.*

THE ROYAL NATIONAL ENGLISH OPERA, prior to the commencement of a second season in London, Eng., were playing a brief season at Dublin, Ireland, commencing March 18th, and Liverpool, Eng., 26th.

HOW FINE SINGERS KEEP IN VOICE.—The *Freie Deutsche Schulzeitung*, of Berlin, furnishes the following:—Washing is very excitable as soon as he puts on his theatrical costume, and sometimes even the merest trifle can then affect him to such a degree that he becomes hoarse on the spot. For this temporary hoarseness and dryness of the throat, well known to all the celebrated opera singers of Europe, the most curious remedies have been employed. Madame Sontag used to eat regularly, between acts, sardines. Frau Dorus would eat baked veal. Frau Desparre drank hot water, and Fraulein Cruvelli, Bordeaux and champagne mixed. Adeline Patti moistens her throat with beer. Fraulne Sax devotes herself to beefsteakes. Fran Kable ate pears and Mme. Vegtade dried plums. Mme. Viardot-Garcia drank constantly hot tea, and Frau Lewinger, Orgeni a mixture of sugar, lemon and rum, which, in tender consideration for her sex, we will call by the harmless name of "punch." Fraulein von Carlsa sipped, from a silver milk pail of malt, and Frau Koester used to eat unleavened wafers. Frau Lucca takes pure Bavarian beer between the scenes, and Mme. Frabelli sucks fruit syrups through a straw. Frau Jenny Lind always drank cold coffee. Herr Tichatschek, smoker, Southelm, takes snuff; Wachtel, drinks saltzer water and milk; Niemann, Bavarian beer; Nichbauer eats dry plums; Padilla, hard bread crust; Carlon, fresh fruits; Beck, honey in warm water; Michot drinks plenty of black coffee; Tyson, milk; Marion smokes all the time he is on the stage, and Borghi-Mano cannot wait for the close of the act, but during the scene, when it is in any way possible, he disappears for a moment at the side, in order to take a pinch of snuff.

## Variety Halls.

FREDERICK STRINGS, who has directed the Alhambra, London, Eng., during the past seven years, retired from that theatre on March 13th, receiving a farewell benefit on that evening, which was largely attended. He is about to assume the management of the Royal Surrey Gardens.

AT THE CAFE DE L'HARMONIE, a minor music hall in Paris, France, Imox, an Indian gymnast, while going through his trapeze performance, fell, and the bar which was attached to his apparatus breaking under his weight, the acrobat dropped heavily into the orchestra. In spite of the pain which he was undergoing from having broken three of his ribs, he was able to bow to the terrified audience, and upon latest advices it is said that he is in a critical state, but, with due care, is likely to recover.

HENRY THOMAS, a professional singer, died suddenly at Bethnal Green, London, Eng., March 6th, at the age of 49 years. On the evening of the 5th he sang two songs at Middleton Hall, and on the following day became insensible and remained in that condition until the time of his demise.

MISS MARIAN GILBERT, a member of the Esther Austin *Ballet Troupe*, died at St. Thomas Hospital, London, Eng., March 13th, of consumption, after four months' illness.

FATAL FALL OF A GYMNAST AT NOTTINGHAM, ENG.—William Swann, a native of Hull, and a pupil of Thomas Culcen, late of the Culcen Brothers, had been fulfilling an engagement at the Alhambra Music Hall, Nottingham. On March 1st, about eleven o'clock at night, Swann and a fellow pupil were performing on the double flying trapeze. In turning a double somersault from the trapeze to the stage, a distance of about 25 feet, Swann caught the edge of his toes, which caused him to fall upon his head instead of his feet. A mattress laid upon the stage somewhat broke the violence of his fall, but on being examined by a surgeon, who was immediately sent for, it was found that his spinal cord was injured, his arms and legs being completely powerless. He was kept at the Alhambra from Friday until Monday, when he was removed to the hospital, where he died, on Wednesday, 6th inst. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death, adding that they considered such performances useless, dangerous and objectionable; and the coroner remarked that it was a pity the law could not interfere to prevent such exhibitions. Deceased had been with Culcen about five months, but the first time he performed in public was on the Monday (four nights before he met with the accident that caused his death.

GEORGE LEYBOURNE, comic, was the chief attraction at the Birmingham, Eng., Concert Hall, and L'Orme, the gymnast, was performing at the Crystal Palace, Birmingham.

## Negro Minstrelsy.

ON THE OCCASION OF G. W. MOORE'S benefit at the St. James' Hall, London, Eng., on March 12th, near the close of the performance, a pleasing episode occurred, which is thus spoken of by a London paper:—"Mr. Lionel Brough, carrying an Etruscan vase, followed by Mr. Burgess, appeared on the stage. The former gentleman, in a few well-chosen words, presented to Mr. Moore, on behalf of a few friends and admirers, this testimonial of their esteem. The inscription on the vase was as follows:—

"Presented to Mr. George Washington Moore, the prince of Ethiopian comedians, by a few amidst his host of friends and admirers, as a testimonial to his ability as an artist and his private worth as gentleman."—

## JAMIE, THE CARPENTER'S SON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY H. B. H.

Far down on a beautiful plain,
Lived Jamie, the Carpenter's son;
He'd a purse that was large and well filled,
But his heart had never been won;
So a wooing one day to a maiden he went,
And the maiden he sought was the maiden of Kent.

Says he, I've a farm that is large,
I've a barn that is crowded with grain;
And a house that is ample in size,
Which stands on a beautiful plain;
I've a cellar that's filled with a good winter's store;
I have apples and cider—and what need I more?

"Bleak winter is coming apace,
With snows and with cold beating rain;
Wish for a snug little wife
To put in my house on the plain:
And the maiden of Kent, I said in my heart,
Is the maiden from whom I never would part.

"If you will consent to be mine
There's nothing more need to be said;
We'll hasten away to the priest
And to-morrow we'll certainly wed;
And then we'll return to my house on the plain,
And in peace and in happiness there will remain."

The maiden, half doubting her ears,
Looked up in a pleasant surprise;
But her answer was plain to be seen,
Within the blue depths of her eyes;
And her heart loudly beat at so sudden a thought,
And she blushed deeply red—as what maiden would not?

Said she:—"'Tis a snug little house,
Your cottage that stands on the plain,
While I've not a roof of my own
To shelter my head from the rain:
To make such exchange would be well, would it not?
For you have no wife and I have no cot."

As soon as the morrow was come,
Young Jamie was up and was dressed,
And pleasant the fancies he wove,
As he carefully put on his best:
Then started on foot he was eagerly bent,
And the bride which he took was the maiden of Kent.

Still down on that beautiful plain
Stands the cot of the Carpenter's son;
And oft at the close of the day,
It's cares and its labors all done,
A group of young children enliven the scene,
Engaged in their sports on the smooth velvet green.

## THE FAKIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY CHARLES H. DAY.

When the Pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth Rock they little thought that near that spot, at some future day, would be born so famous an individual as Eugene Thomas Jefferson Allyne, who there, in his boyhood, assisted his father in the mailing and delivery of the *Plymouth Rock* newspaper. Gradually the printer's boy drifted into the show world; at first he sold librettos of the opera, and distinguished himself by giving short change to his patrons and shorter returns to his employer. Thinking that he should never distinguish himself in the musical world, he followed the fortunes of Dr. Colton, the "laughing gas man." The doctor was travelling from town to town in those days, giving exhibitions of the amusing effects of the anesectic, and to enliven the entertainment two young men traveled with him, and nightly volunteered and went out of the audience and inhaled the gas. If the young ladies and gentlemen of the town did not make themselves sufficiently ridiculous to amuse the audience, the doctor's two young men were extremely funny, inhaling enough of the gas to have an exhilarating effect.

The favorite of the audience and the doctor was young Allyne, who threw flip-flaps, stood on his head, and sang in good voice a sentimental ballad or a comic song. It happened one night that in exerting himself more than usual, Eugene Thomas Jefferson rent his cassimere pants, ruining the garment; this unforeseen accident caused a strike, and the youth declared that he would perform no more until the doctor both increased his wages and remunerated him for the wrecked unmentionables. The doctor refused to accede to Allyne's demands, and proceeded to give an entertainment, but it proved a dull one indeed without the "star," and he was glad enough to reengage him, and pay for a new pair of pantaloons to boot. Allyne had seen Hiltz, Anderson, and the several wizards of the various points of the compass, and aspired to their vocation; he could already perform several tricks with coins quite dexterously; in fact, he was as happy in the mysterious disappearance of money then as now. Gradually he developed the gifts of ventriloquism, and ere long came out as a full fledged necromancer and disciple of the black art. At first the prestidigitateur visited small places, and held forth in school houses and town halls, but gaining in skill and confidence, he entered upon a campaign in the larger cities.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, Allyne was at the height of his success, and dazzled with diamonds. At every sanitary commission fair and like occasion there was the wizard contributing liberally to the funds, not forgetting to let every one know that he was Allyne, ye wizard. On one occasion he bought at auction a small pile of brick, giving for them a fifty-dollar greenback; the auction sale was in behalf of a sanitary fair, and when the name of the purchaser was announced as Allyne the wizard, the crowd cheered and recollected to patronise him during his stay in the city. As an extra inducement, gifts were presented to the holders of lucky numbers. Numberless have been the chamber sets, articles of furniture, thinly plated silver ware, orolde jewelry, and live pigs distributed among his patrons.

Not satisfied in doing business the old fashioned way, remaining in a place from three days to a week, he commenced a tour, announcing in each town "a short season commencing, &c.," but which invariably extended for that night only. Under the several aliases of the "Fakir of Siva," "Fakir of Bramah," and in imitation of J. Harris Hughes, the "Fakir of Ava"—the "Fakir of Avar." With what sublime cheek did he, taking a programme in his hands at the conclusion of the performance, read therefrom and comment thereon:—

"Ladies and gentlemen," he would say, "by glancing at the programme you will see that I promise on this occasion to present to the audience a principal present selected from the following. I do not say positively that I shall give you all of these things, but that I shall *select;* now I might select a chamber set, or a gold watch, as it is my privilege to do, but I shall select the evening's beautiful silver plated water pitcher," which, by the way, was invariably borrowed from the hotel and promptly returned thereto by the porter, who held the lucky number. The audience would then disperse under the impression that they had been gulled, to receive at the box office the "gift for every one," which had been advertised as "alone worth the price of admission."

Frank Edwards is probably the *only* Person who could authoritatively state the number of one cent lead pencils, key rings, thimbles, and papers of pins they lavished upon the public. Sometimes, when the supply of presents was unequal to the number of recipients, they made their patrons happy by giving them half of a lead pencil or a row of pins instead of a full paper, whereby they were able to fulfil their contract with the public.

The most brilliant idea ever hit upon by the wizard was a tiny memorandum book for the vest pocket, which he bought in large quantities of an importing house at a nominal sum. Announcing upon his posters that he "would present to one and all who attended his entertainment a beautiful album, 72 pages, bound in red and gold," he started upon his travels, taking in the people at fifty cents per head. Everywhere he drew crowded houses, thousands being desirous of obtaining an album for fifty cents, to say nothing of seeing the tricks of the tricky magician. At the conclusion of the performance he would advance to the footlights, and, taking an album in his hands, make a few explanatory remarks, saying:—

"Ladies and gentlemen:—You know I always perform all that I promise." A burst of applause would always follow the announcement. Quiet being restored, he would resume:—"You will see by consulting the bill that I am to give to every one here to-night, an album; that I shall do; but as you perhaps know there are several kinds of albums, the photograph album and the autograph album, the album which I am to give away to-night is not a photograph album, it is an autograph album, in which you can preserve as a souvenir the signatures of your friends."

This announcement would invariably arouse some expressions of disgust from the audience, but the oily fakir stilled the troubled waters by adding:—

"Examine your albums carefully, ladies and gentlemen, for I have placed between the leaves of the same one hundred dollars in currency and greenbacks."

That individual is yet to be discovered who ever found in an album even so much as a ten cent note.

During Allyne's wanderings he found himself in Salt Lake City. The wizard arrived in Mormondom with a depleted treasury; his performances in and west of Chicago had been unsuccessful. Undismayed, he set to work and announced an entertainment and a "presentation festival," wherein everyone was to receive "free gratis, a beautiful album, ornate with red and gold."

He had not a single album with him; there was a bundle in the express office at Ogden, C. O. D., $70, but that amount exceeded his present possession.

On the day of the performance Allyne called at the office of the express company and inquired if a bundle had arrived for him. The agent informed him that there had not; at which information the magician appeared much vexed, and expressed surprise at the delay; the messenger, who was standing by, volunteered the information that he had seen a bundle marked as described, in the office at Ogden. The express agent and messenger both expressed sympathy for the necromancer in his dilemma, which Allyne was not slow to take advantage of. "I have thought of a plan," said the fakir, "by which I can get out of my scrape; you can help me, and I am willing to pay you for it. I will give my performance to-night, and I will telegraph up to Ogden for the bundle and have it forwarded here. At the conclusion of the exhibition to-night I will announce that you will distribute the albums at your office here on the arrival of the bundle."

A proposition to which the agent willingly acceded, only too glad to oblige so liberal and distinguished an artiste.

It is not related whether Brigham Young and the elders attended with their families or not, but the hall was packed to suffocation. The performance passed off to the satisfaction of the audience, none of whom were more highly entertained than the express agent. As the amusements were at an end, the wizard, all smiles and suavity, addressed the audience, craving their indulgence and explaining about the bundle of albums detained at Ogden, a fact for which his friend the express agent would and did vouch.

"I threw myself upon your kind indulgence," said the fakir, "and hope that a plan I have hit on will give you every satisfaction. Upon the arrival of the bundle from Ogden, our mutual friend, the agent of the express company here, will receive from you a ticket which I shall give you as you leave the hall to-night, and in exchange give you the album I have promised."

The messenger started the applause and the Mormons and Gentiles joined indiscriminately therein. The first train that went east after this memorable performance carried with it Allyne, the wizard.

When that bundle came down from Ogden the office of the express company was besieged with men, women and children, tickets in hand, ready to exchange them for the "beautiful albums, 72 pages, red and gold." In his farewell address he had made no allusions to the different kinds of albums, so every one pictured in their mind's eye a beautiful book, wherein to place the portraits of themselves and friends. In anxious anticipation they waited, watching the tardy movements of the lazy pointers of the clock, and listened in vain for the signal whistle announcing the approaching train.

At last it came thundering into the depot, and with impatience they waited the coming of the wagon. When it arrived the crowd opened and made way for the driver, who came lugging along with a bundle of weighty, and at bulky proportions.

"Hurrah!" shouted an enthusiastic chap in the crowd, "cut open the bundle and sling them out!"

But what is it makes the express agent hesitate and stand aghast? He pulls over the bundle, and the crowd read in fair, large letters, as legible as print:—

"Allyne the Wizard, C. O. D., $70."

The pale face of the express agent and a wonderful protrusion of the eyes told the story plainer than words.

The manner in which they expressed their feelings was varied in the extreme; some laughed and roared, taking the whole matter as a capital joke; others cursed the wizard long and deep, and it would not have been safe for him to have fallen into their clutches at that moment, even with the possession of his extraordinary persuasive eloquence.

## UNCLE SCHNEIDER'S INK SPLASHES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY MARK QUENCHER.

"ALL DOSE SERBLES vat resides dhemselves in glassy houses musd been ogceedingly careful, and don'd pitch der shdones." Dot vas a proferbs vat means you musn'd blame some oder feller for some wrongness vat you vas got yourself doo; for der insdances, if you vas measure yourself about two hundred fifty pounds of heafiness, you don'd coud afford to choin in der laff vich greets der oder fat feller in der car vat makes a heart-proking attempts to schqoose himself in a shbaces bout room enuff for a mittle-sized dry goods gierk (vich, py-der-py, vas abound der unheafiest act of men vat I know). Und also, pesides, if you choosed hop quick oud of der back doors when your vash lady coomes in mit der bills, choosed been careful and don'd make nse of der orichinal oxbression "bead," afder dot. Or if you vas peen got vhipped firsd-rade py a tight-vaisted feller, vat vas mudch younger in size as you, for gootnesses sake don'd hafe der cheeks to kick der ear of your dorg oud on accound he vas caughd der same vay in a fighd mit a pigger aged feller of a dorg.

DON'D NEFER disbise der boverty. In dis voridt ve don'd musd been broudy; so, if you vas yourself qvite trunk mit shambains, blease don'd peen so broud as to look mit scorns ad a feller vat vas only trunk mit beers!

SOME GOOT UND BAD SIGNS.

"Kind of habby vas der brides vat der sun shines on."
"Kind of unhabby vas der brides vat a house falls on, sure?"

Uf you got ub mit der left sides of your bed in der morning, mit der head firsd py der floors, dat vas bad sign.

Uf a boleeceman grabs you mit der necks und informs you dot you vas choosd pecome a piuddy ropper of a horses und vatches, dot vas bad sign; und uf he goes droo your bockets, when you dod'd him mit indignatiousness, "No, dain'd, sirree," und finds dhose ardicles dhere, dot vas much vorse sign; und uf on der bromenades py der shdashun houses you meet der gommon gouncils feller uf your disdricd, who vinks py you, und remarks, "Hi, righd, you vully, I dx me yob," dot vas first rade sign for you. Uf you vas orful hungry, und valk qvick home, exbecding a shbianded rade hot dinners, und your vife meets you py der door und deid's you, "Oh, Chonny, vy, oh, vy, didn'd you coom home choosd a *leedle sooner.* My mudder, und sisder Lizer, und my brudder, und cabbie friends been here, und der dinner vas so nice dot I'm sorry for you"—dot vas bad sign.

Uf you go to sees a man dot owes you dain dollars to get some of dot, und der firsd ding he says of you vas:—"Say, my dear fellers, hafe you got any spare change vich you cood lend of me undil I"—dat vas bad sign.

MY FRENDT SCHMUGGLER says he dinks he vas been endidled to der chambionshibe of unlucky beebles. Vonce upon von time he vas a undertakers. He beebed a coffin saloon bout dwo years, und as nopody vood die in dot place, his goods got shdale, und he sold oud. "Vood you bleef id? choosd adder dot," he says, "dhere comed a shbiainded yeller fevers, vat made efery poddy gone deadt, und my successor made some fordunes. So great vas der demands for coffins und sudch dings, dot der beebles had to gone around dhemselis bout a veek ahead dt to engage dem for demselis, und"—Vell, good reader, dot's vat my unlucky frendt Schmuggles says; dot don'd vas none of my "shin-moosic."

UP YOU VAS GOT VANITY you got fooled somedimes. I vas got fooled vonce mit my vanity like dis. I vas sit myself qvietly in a cars von day, mit my legs comfordably sandviched dogedder und my babers in my hand (to use when a ladys schoods arounds for a seats), when I vas addraced py operating a hand putiful young lady of der obboside sides of der car, mit a putiful plack eye vat looks shdrait py me. I doid you vat id vas, fellers, dot makes me feel bully, und my youngness cooms pack to me, und I preak my packpones sidding ub shdraid und nice, und I make lame my eyes lookin pack mit her. I dought I might been mishdooken, und dot id vas der young feller a leedle vay ub der seat vat she glanced id inshded of me. Bud no, sir, id vas me, py chiminy, und not some oder. Vell, after ve rided boud a hours, und my packpones vas feel like a toothache dhere, she rises to gone oud, I vas got shdraider as efer to got a goot look py her, und, berhaps, a jentle reckognitions (you know vat is dot), vhen—vell, fellers, vat you shbose? My vanity vas got a sbeet. Dot miserable, deceitful young lady vas got a crossness in her eyes, a schqvintyness, vat you call dot, und von of dose plack eyes—der goot von—vas always looking ad dot tam young feller py der oder seat, vile I got der benefit of der bad oder von—der von vat didn'd mote! So much for der vanity, look oud!

HOW TO BEEN HEALTHYNESS.

Go py der pedt righd avay, und git ub in der morning pefore you vas avake, und in der summery time much sooner yed.

Don'd ead ven you don'd vas got somedings to ead. Dot's bad for der shdomachs.

Don'd ead anyding vat vas nice, pecause all sudch dings vas bad for der shdomachs, like freshy preadt shmokin hot, mit der butter melted in (oh! dot makes der vaters py my mound), for dot vas indigeedions; nor cubbie cubs shdrong coffees, cause dot vas nervousness; nor a nice blade ice greams, cause dot vas nonsenses; nor a good glass lager, cause dot vas boisons, und so fourd. Id's bedder vhen you dhrow yourself avay on sudch honesd foods, like shdale breadts, hard taxes, "bare gold vater," und sudch shveet inducemends.

In der vinter vash yourself mit icy vater, dot's bedder, und in summer mit hot vater, so in der vinter you don'd dook cold, und in der summer you don'd dook hot. Saw? Always look oud und been a shman. You know vat I mean, use der bills py Misder Brandeths, dot fetches you sure!

Follow sudch rules like dot, und berhaps you vood peen healthyness. Bud, vas id pedder to gif ub all der good dings, und vork all your life do been so healthyness, or vas id bedder to scoob in all der goot dings vat ve can vile ve vas here, und led der "devils go und dook der pe-hindtmost."

## THE "BANK" AT HOMBOURG.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY HAMILTON.

Gradually public gambling is dying out in Germany. At Hombourg, whose kursaal, or gambling house, is the most magnificent in the world, the last stroke of the clock which marks midnight on the last day of October, rings the knell of gaming. So the ghosts of the suicide gamblers will thenceforth wander, wailing through deserted halls, instead of as now and in the past, looking eagerly over the shoulders of the crowd who are treading the path they have trodden to the end.

The writer visited Hombourg last month, and after registering his name in the police bureau, was permitted to enter the Kursaal. This is a spacious and elegant building, containing reading, smoking, refreshment and concert rooms; has beautiful grounds attached and is open and free to every one. Among the many curious sights seen there was the spectacle of an American boy of about eighteen, and his sister, aged apparently sweet sixteen, who were seated at the table, tablet in hand, carefully noting the run of the game, and evidently engaged in getting up some infallible martingale for breaking the bank. A promising occupation for persons of their age at 9 o'clock of an afternoon. There was a remarkably pleasant looking, innocent, faced girl, who went down from Frankfort to Hombourg in the same carriage with the writer, much as a lady would come in from Harlem to stop at Stewart's. But she made her way straight to the gaming table and finally won, by some fortunate turn of the cards, a package of gold as large as an ordinary sized opera glass case. With this she departed, smiling, only, undoubtedly, to return and lose her winnings and "more too."

Nothing very striking occurred during my brief visit. Nobody blew out his brains, for instance. Nobody even tore his hair. So I copied some of the rules of the bank for the edification of my readers and transcribe them below:—

The "bank" at *trente* and *quarante* is 200,000 florins; at *roulette* it is 60,000 florins, a florin being about fifty cents, gold. This notice means that after the bank has lost that amount it is at liberty to shut up. Sometimes, though very rarely, there is such a stupendous run of luck against the bank that that liberty is valuable. It is not worth while, however, for any reader to go to Hombourg on the speculation of "breaking the bank." His chances of being struck by lightning are much better.

The highest bet allowed at *trente* and *quarante* is 4,000 florins, the smallest stake is two florins—one dollar. At *roulette* the highest stake is 4,000 florins; the smallest, 1 florin. One of the party who accompanied a certain ex-state senator on his European trip last summer, is credited with having given the bank at Hombourg, or at Baden (I forget which), a "lively shake up," winning a large number of thousands of dollars, the exact number varying with each account of the game.

A SENSATIONAL DRAMA IN FOUR ACKS.—Ack fust.—Enter a lap doorg, carrying a boarding skool miss in his arms, about 16 hands high—it makes the dorg puff—the dorg lays down the boarding skool miss, and orders mint juleps for 2, with the usual suckshun. The dorg begins to loll, the boarding skool miss tells him "sew dri up" (in French), and the dorg sez "he be darned if he will" (in dorg). [Grate sensashun among the awjence, with cries, "Put him out."] Finally a compromise is affected, the boarding skool miss kisses the dorg, with tears in his eyes. Conklusion—Lap dorg discovers a wicked flea at work on his tale—pursues him—round and round they go, dorg a leetle ahead—somebody hollers out "mad dorg!"—boarding skool girl faints standing—the curtin drops. Ack number 2—Curtin highsts—sevrll blind men in the distance, looking thru a key whole—one of them sez, "he don't see it!" A shanghi ruseter comes out, with epaulets on, and crows Yankee Doodle—musik bi the band. The shanghi lays an egg on the stage, about the size of a wasp's nest, and then limps oph, very much tired and reduced. Curtin falls agin. Ack number 3.—Curtin rises sloly—big bolona sarsage on a table—bolona sarsage lifts up her head, and begins tew bark—band plays "Old Dorg Tray." Cat comes in—cat's tail begins tew swell bad—bolona sarsage and cat has a fite—they fite 14 rounds—the stage is covered with cats and dorgs.—Konklusion—tha all jine hands and walk to the foot-lights—an old bull terrier reads the President's call for "200,000 more"—band plays "Oo in Lemons?"—bell rings, and the curtin drops. Ack number 4. A scene on the Eri kanall—a terrible storm rages—the kanall acks bad—sevral line botes go down bed fust, with awl their boarders on board—kant make a lee shore—they drag their ankers—some ov the kaptains tri to pra, but most ov them hev the best lock at swearering—the water is strewed with pots and kittles—sevral of the cook maids swim ashore, with their cook stoves in their teeth—tha hev to draw oph the kanall to stop the storm. Konklusion—men are seen along the banks of the kanall speering dead horses and cets—band plays "A Life on the Oahun Wave." Amid tremendous applause the curtin falls, and the awjence disperce, single file.—*Josh Billings.*

LOVER'S VERSES IN THE VISITOR'S BOOK AT NIAGARA.—One lover thus records his experience:—

On Table Rock we did embrace,
And then we stood both face to face;
The moon was up, the wind was high,
I look'd at she, and she at I.

Language failed him after this effort, and he could say no more. The next gentleman must have had a difference with his lady-love; at all events, he eases his mind by a profound reflection:—

Great is the mystery of Niagara's waters,
But more mysterious still are some men's daughters.

Another swain deeply enamored, but more of a wag than a poet, writes from his heart, and with a daring rhyme:—

Next to the bliss of seeing Sarah,
Is that of seeing Niagara.

## "TOO THIN."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY "DOBBS."

When a young man just begins to see a little city life,
He takes in all its pleasures—cares but little for the strife.
In drink and dissipation he takes supreme delight,
And he feels his growing manhood when he first stays out all
But oh, the morning after, with what an aching head, [night,
His eyes, inflamed and swelling, are unnaturally red.
Of course, he's not been drinking, he knows it is a sin,
He says he's only billious, but that story is "too thin."

When a married man, mature in years, leaves children, home and wife,
And thinks, that just to have a change, he'll see a little life,
He goes with full experience, he's up to every dodge,
And tells his too confiding wife he's going to the lodge;
It's very odd a FELLOW can't a good time MANAGE be,
Unless he takes just thirty drinks with every one degree,
And when, with watch key at his door, he tries to get within,
You know that story of the "lodge" is very much "too thin."

When you see a gushing damsel, in age sweet thirty-five,
In face and disposition the sourest one alive,
When she languishes upon you all the tenderness she can,
But shudders at the thought of ever marrying a man,
She'll tell you she's *so sensitive,* her nature is so fine—
And as for being married—she could be at any time—
But no, her virgin heart no man can ever hope to win;
Take my advice and let her "rush"—her story is "too thin."

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1872.

## "FRENCH LOU."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY OSCAR BRUCE.

In the fall of 1856 I was in business in New York. For a few years I had been doing a prosperous trade, but weakened by a numerous series of reverses, I saw nothing but utter ruin staring me in the face. A good turn, however, enabled me to bear up, and after suspending for a fortnight I paid every creditor dollar for dollar, although I was thus compelled to close up my shop and take in my shingle. This was the period I had dreaded, but as it is in the matters of pleasure, the bulk of pain or enjoyment lies in the anticipation. I was never sorry that I had discharged my liabilities in pure honesty, and an action of this kind will do a man more good than he anticipates; it certainly has me.

I was thus compelled to take a subordinate position in the establishment of one of my largest creditors. This was rather hard at first, but before ten days had passed over my head I was as happy and contended as any man in the house. I had bid farewell to champagne and prise beef, but I did not miss them much, and enjoyed my lunch of Swiss cheese, bread and lager, more than anything I had ever eaten before, because it was the bread of labor, and, poor as it was, was the result of my sticking to those principles of honesty which were the first religion engrafted in my mind. I was lucky in one respect; there was not a soul dependant upon me, and I could always risk what I had without fear of falling. Thus you see, dear reader, that with a feeling of thrift I was saving week by week a good piece of my salary, which was laid by for a fresh start.

At this time I was living in Centre street, in a dingy tenement house in a room poorly endowed indeed, without carpet or curtain, and no furniture save an iron bedstead, two chairs and a table. I was not troubled with visitors, and the little store provided all the luxuries I needed, except when I called on my pipe for solace, and turned over the leaves of a few rare old books which I would never part with. These days were the acme of happiness and contentment with me, perhaps by contrast with the days and nights of agony I had passed, just previous to my suspension.

In the room adjoining lived a poor, miserable Frenchman, whose pale, thin cheeks, and general pinched appearance, used to strike a chord of pity in my bosom whenever I met him. Poor devil, he seemed continually longing for home, and I used to feel like asking him to some restaurant to eat a good square meal, he looked so hungry. His face was covered with a black stubble of beard, and a rather prominent nose stood between a pair of sad, grey eyes. No one knew what he did for a living, and indeed no one cared.

One evening I was reading an old volume of Massinger's plays, when one of the women of the house rushed, without ceremony, into my apartment, and grasped me by the arm. "Quick," she exclaimed, "French Lou has got a fit and is laying at the foot of the stairs. For the love of Mary, be quick sir, and give me a hand with him."

In a moment I had jumped to my feet, and, hurrying after the woman, found, as she said, my poor neighbor lying across the landing, with his head on a step, his body cramped out of natural shape. His eyes glared wildly, and there was a green foam on his lips; the light from the woman's room fell upon his face, and its expression almost terrified me beyond power of motion.

With some trouble we managed to get him to his room, and, after taking his key from his pocket, succeeded in placing him on the miserable straw pallet which lay in one corner of the apartment. We chafed and beat his hands, and at last succeeded in restoring him to consciousness, which was evinced by a deep groan, which broke through his set teeth.

"Curse dem," he said, as soon as he could speak, "damn *canaille* to try kill me."

It was useless to attempt to extract any information from him. He was reticent and suspicious, and even when the poor sympathizing people of the house brought him such food as they were able to spare, he would eye them suspiciously and then examine it closely before he would eat it.

This was my first introduction to "French Lou," but I was to do him a second service before many weeks had passed. Another evening I was reading and smoking—both my only indulgence at that time—when I heard the noise of a desperate scuffle going on in my neighbor's room, and a half stifled cry of "*Help*" came to my ears.

In a moment I had dashed towards French Lou's apartment, but, finding the door locked, was compelled to crush it open with a well-directed kick, which tore the lock from its screws.

There were two villainous looking ruffians in the room, whom I had never seen before. One had started towards me as I entered, but he found the wrong customer in running against my fist, which silly movement had the effect of laying him out on the floor. I had—without speaking egotistically—the strength of an ox, and, as he rose to his feet, I gave him a second poke, throwing full force into the blow, and, catching him under the ear, he laid where he fell.

I then turned my attention to the other gentleman, who, with his knee on Lou's chest, was thrusting his thumbs into the fallen man's neck in a decidedly unpleasant manner. I dragged him from his victim without a very great effort, and, dragging him to the staircase, gave him a flying trip down it. There was a terrible crash as he fell, but, injured as he must have been, he picked himself up and took to his heels. The room was filled with at least a dozen men the moment after, and at Lou's request they merely laid the other intruder in the street, and, as he exhibited signs of recovery, we left him there.

The Frenchman was more vehement in passion than he was in thanks. He threw from underneath his shake-down a pistol, and remarked in broken English that he would not be caught that way again.

He soon after left the house, but where he went to no one could tell.

* * * * * * *

Many years had passed since the above events transpired, and "French Lou" was a personage almost buried in that "long ago" which covers so many memories. I had been successful in my fresh start in business, and, although for a time I struggled exceedingly hard, at last I established my trade on a firm footing and was a wealthy man.

It does not matter the year—but I found myself in Paris one summer, partly on business, partly on pleasure, and let me assure the reader that I did not slight the opportunities afforded by my vocation.

I made any number of pleasant acquaintances in the "modern Rome," and saw a quantity of curious and amusing sights.

One evening, while at the *Londres,* I fell in with a party of English gentlemen, and after imbibing rather too freely, a habit not usual with me, the party dwindled down to one of these, a gentleman named Percy, who was a fine blooded democrat, and whose opinions coincided nicely with my own, and myself.

I was ripe for any folly, and agreed, at his invitation, to go to a secret meeting which was to be held in an obscure hall somewhere in the *Quartier Latin.*

Well, we went there to our terrible cost, for after listening to any quantity of harangue and plans of equalization, we were aroused from our rosy dreams by the dull thud of grounded arms in the hall below, and the entrance of a sergeant of *gens d'armes,* who ordered us to "surrender in the name of the Emperor."

Some of the brave spirits showed fight, but in a moment a stern row of aimed muskets put an end to discussion, and we were marched off.

I was separately confined in a dark and filthy dungeon, and by hard work managed to get a word to the turn-key. I had scribbled on a leaf from my note book a few lines to the American consul, and after the functionary had refused a bribe to carry it, said that he should receive it without favor, although I made up my mind to reward him should I manage to obtain release.

This missive evidently reached its destination, for, the next day, I was called up to the iron grating which opened in my cell and there beheld two gentlemen, with an attendant standing at a respectful distance.

One was the emperor, the other the American consul. Napoleon spoke very briefly and said:—

"This is a very bad case, and I am sorry for you. You claim that you went to this meeting merely as a matter of curiosity. The gang is the worst in Paris, and I shall show them no mercy. Have you anything more to say? I will hear it patiently."

He looked at me a moment, and then his gaze grew more steadfast. Something like emotion passed over his face, and he motioned to the attendant, at the same time scratching a few lines on his tablet. "Give this to the ja ller," he said, briefly, handing the note to the man, and after a few moments he had gone, without a word, although the consul managed to shake my hand and told me to keep a good heart.

In a half hour I was released and breathed the fresh, pure air of liberty. But why was I released? it was so strange and sudden.

Then, all at once, it came back to me like a dream. The Emperor's pale face, the prominent nose, and sad grey eyes; it was all clear now. *He was "French Lou."*

I afterwards met Percy in London, and he told me that it required extraordinary exertion to get him out of the prison. If his case had ever come up for trial, he would have had but a poor chance, as he had been ventilating his opinions with considerable freedom. But I knew of a petition which had been written to the emperor, for his favor in the case, and which set forth a scene in a tenement house in Centre street, New York. That is what worked his deliverance.

A WONNERFUL HORSE.—The most striking advertisement of a horse for sale that we ever saw is the following, which appears in a Wisconsin paper:—

Thou canst trust thy labor to him, for his strength is great.

Thou canst bind him with his band in the furrow; he will harrow the valley after thee.

He will gather thy seed in the barn.

His strength is terrible, in which he rejoiceth.

He saweth the valley, and rejoiceth proud in his speed. He mocketh at fear, neither turneth his back from the hobgoblin. Lo! how he moveth his tail like a cedar; his sinews are as cables.

His bones are like strong pieces of brass; yea, like bars of iron.

He eateth like an ox; behold, he drinketh up a river, and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan in his mouth.

Who can approach the door of his face? Yet thou canst approach him with a bridle. His teeth are terrible round about.

I will not conceal his parts, nor his comely proportions.

He is gentle, he is kind,
And his tail sticks out behind.

I want to sell him for something I can pay my debts with.

AN OLD LADY walking with her two grown daughters on a moonlight night, displayed her knowledge of astronomy by pointing heavenward, and exclaiming:—"Oh, my dears, do look at them beautiful stars, Juniper and Mars!"

## ADVICE TO SHOW AGENTS JUST ENTERING THE BUSINESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

My "remarks" are more particularly addressed to young men who are filling their *first* positions as show advertisers. After having "caught" some manager, by adopting the following rules you will surely succeed, and place your name at the *top* of the "monument of fame":—

The first step you should take is to get your name printed on an elegant Bristol board, announcing the company you represent. Scatter them lavishly, "hither and yon." Be sure and wear kid gloves (lavender is preferable, or orange will do); carry an imitation gold headed cane, which will answer all purposes; part your hair *directly in the centre,* which will cause the impression that your head is well balanced; select the *biggest* trunk you can find, and paste the *largest* bill in your possession on the top or sides. This will give you a *prestige* among R. R. officials, and you will never be asked for "comps." Pay no attention to the superintendents of roads, they only exert an influence on their *direct* lines, and perhaps you may only want to travel on *their* road a week or ten days. You will never be asked for "extra baggage." If some minion of the road should presume to ask a dollar extra, tell him you will report him at headquarters, and he will lose his situation, that will make everything "all right." You will at once see the advantage of having your immense bill trunk lettered elaborately, for some other agent *might* be on the train, and if by chance he should stroll into the baggage car, you would completely throw him off his pins, and he will "jump" the town. Always be sure in engaging halls to write a "confidential" letter to the bill poster, requesting him to "save all his boards for you, and keep your coming a secret." You then "bar" all other companies out of town. On arriving at a town, at once repair to the principal hotel; approach the clerk in a loud voice, call for the proprietor, and ascertain his terms. Of course, they will be too high. Then tell him you stopped at a "first-class hotel in *Gafreville* for seventy-five cents a day, fires included." By your mentioning that you stopped at a "first-class" hotel for that amount, he will readily become your friend, and you can make any arrangements with him you like.

It is very foolish to do business with a printer without having a quarrel with him, for *you* are out of town, perhaps, before his paper reaches the public. Let *him* know the exact price of all manner of printing; you then convince him that you are posted. Be very close with printers in regard to "comps," and if you can "right-out" without having any, so much the better, but give with a lavish hand all you meet in the hotel, especially those who drink with you, and *all* the regular boarders; they have an influence. What, if your first night is "papered," if you ever come again, you will do a good business, if you should strike it some fourth of July, or Saturday night after pay day. You will, at least, have the consolation of knowing you have made friends.

This style in pleasant weather always wear your best kids; pleasant weather is an immense time for a "mash," so many ladies are passing and they will be *sure* to know you are the agent, more particularly if you have a small boy to hand your paper up to the bill poster. Always curse the bill poster and tell "funny stories" to the crowd standing by. Aint you the boss? Expatiate upon the expense of your paper, and be sure to inform them that you are the only one that uses "those cuts." Always work "cap" for the company and tell them you have the "funniest men in the world" with your show (make them think you are the manager or proprietor, if possible). Never lose the opportunity of running down other companies, and if you have any "dead wood" on them be sure and tell it. Especially mention how you have "beat" other agents. By appearing thus brilliant you will be apt to form the acquaintance of the bystanders, and have an opportunity of distributing "comps," which is very essential.

"Talk" the bill poster down on his work; "play in" more paper than he is aware of, and he will then distribute your programmes *faithfully;* treat him like the printer, don't give him any tickets, for they will both be sure to be there, and then it makes it pleasant for the treasurer to have a "squeel" in front of the box office nightly. If they *insist* upon a ticket tell them the proprietor will give them all the tickets they want the day the show arrives.

In making arrangements for your license inform the official that you have "fifty" performers, and that your show is the biggest and best on the road; be careful and not ask him out to drink, for then he might form a good opinion of you, and grant a license at reduced rates. I remember once of having a ten dollar license reduced to the price of a "gin cocktail;" that's bad, don't you do it, you want *no* reductions in anything; that makes you "solid" with those you do business with.

*Demand* of the telegraphic operator that he shall get your dispatch off first; he'll be *sure* to do it. Don't give him any tickets for "D. H." messages, he will accommodate you and the company more willingly. When you arrange for baggage with the express man you only have your *small,* light trunks. He will never mention it to the landlord where you have contracted for *forty* people, "more or less."

Run up a big hotel bill. *Stop* your wash and bar bill in your money order for board; that makes a good impression with the proprietor of the hotel, and the *proprietor* of the show will never know anything about it. Before finishing your business in the town visit the principal billiard saloon and play with any one you find sitting there; tell them who you are and give them *four* tickets each, unless they are painters; if so, recollect previous advice. Give all the porters and servants in the hotel tickets, they help to fill up the gallery.

Always station yourself in front of the post office while the mail is being distributed; be sure to have a cigar in your mouth, or a big chew of tobacco—that gives you a *tone.* Form the acquaintance of some one in town to stand with you and flirt with every lady that goes in or comes out. Be very loud in flirting with you, make a few remark about them in a loud voice, so that, if possible, their brother or father may hear it. *Ain't you agent for a show?* Don't be gentlemanly with any one; curse every one you come in contact with; give them to understand you are *independent.* Never court the society or an introduction of any leading people in town—they don't attend shows. Charge the company every day with a "four dollar" brush and twice the amount of railroad fare; the manager will never "tumble." Advertise to show in no towns for *one* date; that shows that you are a "general." Contract at *two* hotels; let the company take their choice. I have known these two experiments to work successfully. Never report the full amount of expenses in town, so that when your orders are presented, the treasurer will *know* they have been *tampered* with, and refuse to "settle."

The above, with much more good advice that might be suggested, if studied thoroughly by *new* agents, will surely bring them success. People who have been for years in the business have no need of this advice. They are too old to learn. In six months from now there will be no use for *old* agents. *New* men will supersede them. Managers are fast seeing the propriety of engaging new agents, which generally affords them an opportunity of solving the mathematical problem of the number of railroad ties to the mile—in walking home.

P. S.—*New* agents ought to be provided with *new* boots.
N. B.—Read the above rules carefully. YOUR FRIEND.

## "FORGIVEN."

MR. ALBERY'S NEW COMEDY.

On the 9th of March this comedy was presented at the Globe Theatre, London. It is thus spoken of:—

It is, undoubtedly, the work of a clever and witty writer, and a man with high dramatic capacity. This is, however, the highest praise it merits. Its defects are at least as numerous as its excellencies, and in spite of the laughter and cheers with which its production was greeted, there is effect left behind was unfavorable. That the result might have been different had the requisite amount of excisions been made before instead of after the first night, and had the rehearsals been more numerous, or, at any rate, more satisfactory, may be believed. This, however, whether any alteration whatever would make of the piece an artistic success, or qualify it to rank with the best works of Mr. Albery or his competitors. The idea on which it rests is good and definite. The treatment is, however, so far vague, and left shadowy and undefined, and the underlying idea is not made sufficiently clear to the audience * * * Mr. Albery's mistake seems to be the assumption, because it can be shown that, under our common-place existence, many a husband, who is, at heart, is possible to extract genuine comedy out of the materials of our common-place life.

# THE RING.

## A DETERMINED BUT UNDECIDED FIGHT.

### TOM CALLIS vs. JACK CONNOR.

A pugilistic encounter, which, for gameness, was never excelled, was commenced in the London, Eng., district on Thursday, March 14th, and continued the following day without any definite result being arrived at, in consequence of the interference of the authorities upon each occasion. The belligerents were two well known metropolitan boxers, Tom Callis, the eldest son of a late commissary of the ring, and Jack Connor, who had signed articles to fight at 130lbs., for £25 a side. Both placed themselves under competent trainers, but unfortunately not until some time had elapsed, the consequence being that neither was in first rate condition, Callis being of a very spare frame, requiring to put flesh on, whilst his opponent had some difficulty to get to weight; on the night before the fight, however, he was as nearly as possible a pound under the stipulated impost. Tom Callis completed his 33d year on Dec. 26th, stands 5ft. 6¼in. high, and weighs about 119lbs. He has contended for small stakes with one Green, Borley, Follett and his present opponent. Jack Connor was born on May 15th, 1845, touches the standard at 5ft. 6in., and scales 126lbs. His first contest for any stake of moment was with Tom Callis, whom he defeated, for £15 a side, after fighting 11 rounds, in 58min., on Aug. 21st, 1869; but he had to lower his colors to S. Tyler, who defeated him in 33 rounds, lasting 36min., in 1871. They made an early start, met at a well known spot, famous for the battles which have been decided there, and all the arrangements having been satisfactorily adjusted, stood up at 7.45 for

THE FIGHT.

*Round 1.* Both were exceedingly eager to commence hostilities, and would scarcely allow the ordinary ceremony of shaking hands to be gone through ere they let loose, Connor landing on the jaw, ear and chest. His opponent seemed almost taken aback, but returned the compliment slightly, and was eventually fought down in his own corner.

2. Callis led off, but was neatly stopped, and, getting to close quarters, some good exchanges were followed by a rather scrambling rally, in which Connor drew *first blood* from the mouth, and finished the round by back-heeling his man. Time, 1 min.

3. They were no sooner within range than they alternately delivered rattling exchanges, Callis on the left eye and cheek, and Connor on the nose and mouth, Callis being undermost in the fall.

4. This was a very short round, as each man was trying to force the fighting, and neither was very particular as to where his blows landed, consequently it was more of a scramble, and both were down, Callis under. Time, 45 sec.

5. Callis was the first to lead off, but his well-intentioned delivories were laid to one side; Connor then returned on the chest and jaw, and fought his opponent down.

6. They sparred for an opening, and after a short interval Callis landed on the jaw; Master Jack, retaliating on the body, quickly brought his antagonist to grass. Time, 13 min.

7. Callis got home heavily on the left eye and cheek, and in trying to avoid a repetition Connor slipped down.

8. Connor tried to lead some vicious ones, but Callis jumped away cleverly; at length Connor drew Callis within distance and got home heavily left and right on the ribs, bringing his opponent to grass.

9. By the advice of his seconds Connor forced the fighting, and as soon as his opponent got within range landed heavily on the jaw and breast; Tommy returned on the left eye. They fought to the ropes, and Connor sent his antagonist's cranium against the centre stake with a heavy left-hander, thus finishing the round quicker than he expected.

10. Callis had hardly recovered from the effects of the *contretemps* when Connor again set about him; some rattling exchanges ensued, and Connor cleaned off his lazy work by knocking his opponent down with a heavy right-hander on the jaw. *First blood down blew obtained and allowed for Connor.*

11. They countered very prettily with the left, but it was chiefly in favor of Connor, who drew fresh blood from the mouth, but in the fall he was undermost.

12. Connor's left eye was beginning to close, but he was up first, and setting about his man as soon as he was within reach, fought him down at the ropes. Time, 2 min.

13. Callis again visited the left eye, and his opponent retaliated on the cheek, cutting it open. This brought on some heavy counters, and in the last Callis got on a trifle first, but fell from the force of his own blow.

14. More rattling exchanges and counter hitting. Connor got home on the mouth and left cheek, and Callis on the left eye, the latter getting down rather suspiciously.

15. Some sharp counter hitting in favor of Callis riled his opponent, who set about Tommy with renewed vigor, and the latter, in trying to retreat, slipped down.

16. Connor landed several hot 'uns on the jaw, and Callis returned on the left eye. They closed, and a long struggle ensued for the fall, Connor trying to cross buttock his opponent, but Tom was too leary, and in the end Connor was undermost. Time, 38 min.

17. Rattling exchanges caused each to show marks of the other's handiwork. Connor, in obedience to the advice of his seconds, rushed at and fought his antagonist all over the ring, Callis finishing the round by getting down.

18. Connor, determined not to let his opponent have any peace, set about him viciously, and quickly fought him down with both hands.

19. Callis was getting weak, and seeing this, Connor rushed at him, and delivering some slingers with both hands, sent his adversary to grass in double quick time.

20. Waiting at the scratch for his opponent, Connor, as soon as he was within distance, planted several hot 'uns on the mouth and cheek, opening the old wounds and drawing fresh supplies of claret. Callis retaliated as well as he could, and in the end they closed and fell, side by side.

21. Connor continued to force the fighting, and staggered his antagonist by some heavy left-handers. The latter, however, fought gamely, but was eventually sent to grass.

22. Tommy landed on his opponent's left eye, which was as nearly as possible closed, and this brought on some good in-fighting and half-arm hitting, principally on the body, and both were down, side by side.

23. A well delivered left-hander from Callis was nearly stopped, but Jack was short in return; he, however, soon got within range, and after a few slight exchanges both slipped down.

24. Callis landed three times on the left side of the face, and Connor returned on the mouth, but in trying to retreat, slipped down.

25. Callis again led off, and got home twice slightly on the jaw, and his antagonist returned heavily on the body, and Callis got down.

26. Was similar to the preceding, but at the finish Connor sent his adversary to grass with a heavy right-hander.

27. All in favor of Connor, who got home three times on the mouth, fought his man to the ropes, and was in the act of delivering a blow, when Callis fell on the lower rope. An appeal of "foul" was raised, but overruled.

28. Some good exchanges brought them to a close, and a brief struggle for the fall ended in both going down together.

29. Connor landed heavily on the jaw twice, and in retreating Callis fell. An appeal was made, but not allowed.

30. This was a mere scrambling rally, and both were down.

31. Connor landed on the mouth and jaw, fighting Callis to the ropes, who slipped down to avoid.

32. Some good exchanges occurred, slightly in favor of Callis, but his opponent, being the stronger, fought Tommy down.

33. Connor's left eye was now completely closed, and the whole of the left side of his face fearfully swollen. This rendered him rather nervous as to how he rushed into danger. Callis, seeing his man, saw an opening, and delivered heavily on the body. This brought on some good exchanges, and ultimately Callis was fought down.

34 to 40 were of a similar character to the foregoing, but in the latter Callis got away cleverly, and as his opponent was following, pushed him down.

41. Connor set about his antagonist viciously, and fought him down.

42. A series of exciting counters brought them to the ropes, and both were down, side by side.

43. Callis was improving, or, rather, recovering his strength in the last round, but in this Connor landed heavily twice on the mouth, and, cross-buttocking poor Tom, fell on him. A cry of "Police!" was now raised, and one of the constabulary, in plain clothes, was seen looming in the distance.

44. This was, necessarily, owing to the confusion and hurry, a scrambling round, Connor having all the best of it, when the constable was rapidly approaching and the men were ordered out of the ring by the referee.

On Friday morning they again met at a celebrated *rendezvous*, but could not get to business owing to the absence of the commissary of the ring, whose conduct will be fully investigated. At length an impromptu ring was formed on an excellent piece of turf, and operations were commenced at 11.32, fully two hours later than the time anticipated. On disrobing, Callis showed the effects of far more punishment than his antagonist, who seemed in better condition and far more confident than on the previous day. Altogether 31 rounds were fought in 1h 10min (making 75 rounds, 2h 10min, in both rings), when the police made their appearance, on seeing whom the referee again ordered the men out of the ring, but the police did not attempt to capture either. They were reposing in fancied security, when a reinforcement of blues came on the scene and captured Connor.

MOORE DELIVERS MORE BLOWS THAN PARRY CAN PARRY.—A fight took place in the Birmingham, Eng., district on March 11th, between young Moore and J. Parry, of West Bromwich, catch-weight, for a tenner a side. It was the maiden essay of each within the ropes, and the affair was kept very quiet, in order to avoid the unwelcome attentions of the lynx-eyed myrmidons of the law. The meeting place was in the neighborhood of Yardley, Worcestershire, where, at an early hour, a good spot was selected, but just as the preparations were completed the authorities put in an appearance, and a move at once was made to an old and well known spot, where many a previous encounter had been brought off, in the Walsall district, but it was not till nearly mid-day that the men faced each other. Moore is a thickset man, but was anything but in condition. Parry, who is many years the senior, is much taller, much lighter in build, and decidedly in better form than Moore. Betting opened at 5 and 6 to 4 on Parry. As soon as the men could be got ready they commenced proceedings, Moore leading off on Parry's phiz, who made some good returns, but not so as to do any damage, and in a rally to the ropes Moore got down. The second round was a rattling one, Moore getting well home on the nasal organ and left ogle of Parry, and receiving a hot one on the left cheek, when they got to close quarters, and Moore was "grassed." In the third round Moore was again first to lead off, and landed a hot one on Parry's left ogle, but Parry in return got well on his opponent's nose, drawing the claret freely (first blood for Parry). They fought home to the ropes, when both fell heavily. In this Moore took a decided lead; science was out of all question, but he rattled away at his man ding-dong. Parry was not idle, Moore's blows telling on his opponent's phiz, and his left eye was fast contracting, whilst his nasal organ was much damaged. They continued on, round after round, till the eighth, when the sponge was thrown up, and Moore left the ring, but was called back, Parry stating that he had not given in, and they continued on up to the 32d round—time, 56min.—when the sponge was again thrown up for Parry, though much against his will. His left eye was closed, his right eye nearly so, and his nasal organ damaged, whilst Moore appeared not to have sustained much injury. The parties were well seconded, and a well known Birmingham pug did the needful as referee.

SUDDEN DEATH OF A BOXER.—On Monday evening, March 25th, Johnny Drumgoole dropped dead, while on his way to Bill Clark's, Houston street, this city, where a sparring exhibition was to have been given for his benefit on that date. Deceased was born in this city in 1841, and belonged to the light-weight division. He appeared thrice in the magic circle, viz.:—Defeated Jack Stackey in 21 rounds, 35 minutes, $100, Richmond, Va., Jan. 15th, 1861; was beaten by Joe Graham, 46 rounds, 65 minutes, in a room near Centreville Course, L. I., Jan 24th, 1864; fought a draw with Hen. Duffy, 84 rounds, 2 hours and 10 minutes, Weehawken, N. J., July 20th, 1864. He also figured in numerous turns-up, among his opponents being J. Eagan, *alias* "English Johnny," Curley Thompson and Barney Aaron. He fought three different men in this way in one night. He was well known in this city and well liked generally, his main fault being too great a love for ardent spirits. An exhibition was given at Clark's on Saturday night, March 30th, for the purpose of raising money to liquidate the funeral expenses.

PUGILISTIC ITEMS FROM ENGLAND.—Jim Ward, now past three score and ten, solicits votes and proxies for the ensuing election for the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, through the English sporting press.....G. Haggard, of Hulme, offers to "paint" the phiz. of Frank Purvers, of Brummagem, for as much or as little as the latter likes.....Nutts, of Hampstead road, has been challenged to combat on the green by W. Holland, of Somers Town, whose figures range from £16 to £28 a side, catch-weight.....*Bell's Life*, of March 16th, copies the card from Arthur Chambers, originally published in our columns, offering to fight Alec Lawson at 120lbs., for from £100 to £200 a side, either here or in the Liverpool district, but there is no word from Alec in regard to it.

WE ARE INFORMED that a little mill took place on the quiet near Buffalo, N. Y., during the week ending March 23d, the contestants therein being Cronan and Raymond. The former hails from ould Ireland, is 22 years old, 5ft. 11in. in height, and scaled about 185lbs. Raymond stands 6ft. 1in. in his shoes, is one year younger and kicks the beam at 196lbs. The last named won in 43 minutes and 5 seconds, 18 rounds being fought.

JERRY MILLER,'s correspondent informs us, was defeated in a scrap for $100 a side, which took place near Chillicothe, Mo., recently, his conqueror being Johnny Miller. The fight lasted just two rounds, Jerome being put to sleep on the cold, cold ground, by a crusher on the left auricular organ.

GEORGE H. LEWIS, otherwise known as "Snatch'em," the veritable knight of the knuckles, has taken the premises, No. 42 Crosbie street, Brooklyn, E. D., known as "The Vine," which he formally opened on Thursday evening, March 28th.

MIKE LYNCH, a well-known sport, and proprietor of the saloon corner of Broome and Marion streets, died on Sunday, March 24th, aged 43.

# AQUATICS.

## NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

An important general meeting of this club was held at the Club House, corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-seventh street, on Thursday evening, March 28th, and as business of a nature highly interesting to the members was to be brought up, there was a large attendance. Routine business having been transacted, the report of the committee on measurement—Captains A. S. Hatch, Jacob Veorhis, Jr., Robert Center and Wm. Krebs—was read. They recommend the adoption of a method which takes the cubical contents of the whole boat, except the shear, for the measurement, based upon the principle that the capabilities of a vessel for power are represented by her entire size, and that the one in which that size is so applied as to enable her to develop and use the greatest amount of power with the best results as to speed, is the best model. Their object has been to find a system of measurement correct in principle, easy of application and invariable, and which will encourage as little as possible the building of boats faulty in construction to evade it. They recommend the adoption of such tables, as a basis for a scale of time allowance, as will result in the conceding by the largest schooners, Dauntless and Sappho, to the smallest, Foam and Eva, of about twenty minutes in a five hours' race—nearly double the time allowance of 1871, and about two-thirds that of the previous year. The abolition of the sliding scale, as now applied to the difference in the time of races, is likewise recommended, because the time in which a race is sailed does not usually represent the speed of the yachts. The following resolutions, designed to accomplish the objects aimed at by the committee, were presented:—

*Resolved*, That the system of measurements and time allowances now in use by the club be abolished.

*Resolved*, That the club adopt the following rules for measurement and time allowances:—First, that each yacht shall be measured on the outside of the planking from the rabbit line of the keel to a line drawn from the lowest point of the top of the plank-sheer forward and aft, parallel with the water line until it reaches the stem and stern, including so much of the overhang at each end as shall come within these limits, and that the contents of the boat within these limits be got in cubic feet. Second, that the number of cubic feet so obtained be applied to such tables of time allowances taken from those now in use as will result in an allowance by the largest schooners, the Dauntless and the Sappho, to the smallest, the Foam and the Eva, of about twenty minutes in a race of five hours, and in the same proportion for sloops, and graduated according to the scales now in use for races made in longer or shorter time.

*Resolved*, That the committee is hereby authorized to regulate the application of the tables of time allowances to the measurement adopted.

*Resolved*, That the committee and the measurer of the club are hereby authorized to fix the details of the manner in which the yachts shall be measured, in accordance with the foregoing resolution.

Next in order was the reading of a communication from Mr. A. W. Craven, offering his resignation as measurer of the club, because of pressing duties, which prevented his giving proper attention thereto. It was laid on the table, and Mr. A. Cary Smith, appointed measurer *pro. tem.*, on motion to revive the grade of fleet surgeon was carried unanimously, Dr. Dawson being elected to that office. Upon motion of Mr. W. H. Major, it was resolved to have a history of the annual regattas compiled and printed, dating from the first regatta up to the present day. Mr. W. Butler presented a file of charts to the club, and an offer from Mr. Tiffany to photograph the different cups and prizes won by yachts belonging to the club was accepted. A motion was then adopted changing the date of the annual regatta from the second Thursday in June to the Thursday following, for the reason that the tide would be more favorable then. The race for the challenge cups, over a course from Sandy Hook lightship to the lightship off Brenton's Reef and return, was fixed for the third Thursday in July. After the election of some twenty-five new members, the meeting adjourned. The membership list now includes over six hundred names, and its prosperity is greater than at any time heretofore.

THE POTOMAC REGATTA.—The committee appointed to wait upon the citizens of the District of Columbia and solicit subscriptions to enable the projectors to carry out the plan of having a national regatta for amateur and professional oarsmen, to take place upon the Potomac river, at Washington, is composed of the following gentlemen:—*Analostan Club.*—L. Gardner, chairman; E. S. Maunder, M. A. Tappan, T. Lubey and John Corson. *Potomac Club.*—R. W. Downman, secretary; J. C. Marbury, James Dickson, W. W. Wheeler and A. B. Cropley. *Arlington Club.*—W. O. Avery; G. S. Fife, treasurer; J. R. White, J. M. Nesbitt and H. L. Briscoe. *Washington Club.*—T. H. Upperman, recording secretary; P. T. Dodge, B. Beale, J. T. Cull and John Peyton. The assistance thus far received almost assures success. It is proposed to offer about $8,000 in purses and prizes. We trust that the citizens of the capital and the vicinity will respond liberally to the call for aid. The address of the chairman is 921 Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C.

# THE TRIGGER.

PAINE VS. WOOD.—THE NEW YORKER WINS AGAIN.—A more disagreeable day for any description of out-door amusement than was Tuesday, March 26th, could not possibly be encountered; but, despite the pitiless pelting of the rain, quite a large number of professionals and amateur trigger-pullers, together with others who admire the sport, journeyed to Suffolk Park, half a dozen miles from the Quaker City, to witness the shooting of the second match of the home and home series between Ira A. Paine (ex-champion), of New York, and Richard Wood, a noted marksman, of Chester, Pa. The first match was shot at the grounds of the Long Island Club on March 19th, and was won by Paine. Both matches were $250 a side, 50 single birds each, 21 yards rise and 80 yards fall, 1½oz. of shot, 2¼d, trap and handle for each other; the Rhode Island rules to govern. The ground was a mass of mud, several inches in depth, and all day long the rain poured incessantly, drenching the spectators and greatly interfering with the principals. They stuck to it, however, and after a display of skill which, under the circumstances, was really fine, Paine came off triumphant, his opponent giving up the struggle after shooting at his forty-fifth bird, having then missed 14, just twice the number Paine had failed to hit. E. Staples acted as judge for the victor, Valentine Denderton for Wood, and Samuel Platt officiated as referee. Muzzle loaders were used by both men. The time occupied was 2 hours and 5 minutes. Below will be found the score:—

PAINE.—011011111101101111011111011111111111111011. Shot at, 45; killed, 38; missed, 7.

WOOD.—100111111011111100101101110011010110110001110. Shot at, 45; killed, 31; missed, 14.

A CONTEST for a purse of $100, in gold, came off at Cressona Park, Pottsville, Pa., on March 23d, fourteen triggerists shooting at 7 single birds each, 21 yards rise, 60 yards fall. The day was far from perfect for this, but the shooting was first-rate, especially that of Jas. Dando, Thos. Goldsworthy, Dan'l. Reese, Wm. Spohn and Jos. M. Lawrence, each of whom brought down all his birds. It was then agreed to divide the money equally, but for some reason Lawrence was "counted out." This was the cause of some wrangling, aside from which all passed off pleasantly.

SHOOTING FOR A GUN.—At Greenville, N. J., on March 27th, twelve knights of the trigger shot for a fine double-barreled muzzle loading Hollis and Son gun, 5 birds each, 21 yards rise, 80 yards fall. It was won by John Brown, who killed all his birds. A sweepstakes of 5 birds each was also shot by half a dozen experts, W. Van Sicklen, E. Martin and E. H. Shorb tieing on five, and the former winning by killing two out of three in shooting off.

BEN MORGAN, a veteran bird fancier, who has for many years supplied pigeons and sparrows to many of the minor shooting clubs within twenty miles of London, Eng., died recently.

## "AWAY DOWN SOUTH IN DIXIE."

### The Story of its Origin, as Told by its Author—Dan. Emmett.

There having appeared at various times during the wide-spread popularity of the song of "Dixie" different versions of the origin of the work, we requested its author, Daniel D. Emmett, now and for several years past residing in Chicago, to give us his statement concerning it, and this he has done in the following communication:—

CHICAGO, March 13th, '72.

FRANK QUEEN.—DEAR SIR.—Having received your request for me to forward to you for publication in the CLIPPER a correct statement of the origin of the song known as "Dixie," I will now endeavor to do so in as brief a manner as possible. I have seen several erroneous statements at different times since the close of the war, all of which are wide of the mark; and I never, until now, have taken the trouble to contradict them. One principal reason for my silence was, that I had no further interest in the song, and that its popularity north was among the "things that were." To proceed then, it is necessary for me to state that I have been south of New York *but once since* 1861, and that was on a short trip to Washington with the Bryants' Minstrels some six years since, all other statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the spring of '59 I was playing in New York with the "Bryants;" my particular business was to compose new walk-rounds for them as fast as required. Some time in the spring of that year (1859), amongst others, I composed the words and music of a song that I afterwards published by the title of "*I wish I was in Dixie's Land*," which was afterwards, by universal custom, called "Dixie." I was composed on one rainy Sunday in Elm street, between Broome and Spring streets, No. 197, Room No. 1. Previous to that time neither I nor any other person had ever heard anything like it, although "Dixie's Land" is an old phrase applied to the southern states, at least to that part of it lying south of Mason and Dixon's line. In my traveling days amongst showmen, when we would start for a winter's season south, while speaking of the change, they would invariably elucidate the stereotyped saying:—"I Wish I Was in Dixie's Land," meaning the southern country; though others have attempted, in vain, to locate it on Staten Island. The song of "Dixie" was never heard south until it was taken there first by the "Buckleys" and the "Newcombs," each of whom purchased a copy of me while they were in New York. It took amazingly south *as something new!* Show people generally, if not always, have a chance to hear every local song as they pass through the different sections of country, and particularly so with minstrel companies, who are always on the look out for songs and sayings that will answer for their business; but none had ever heard anything like my song of "Dixie." I did not publish it until it had become common property, and then not until it was issued by Mr. P. F. Werlitz, of New Orleans. He published it in Mr. Peters' name, at the same time he wrote me a letter offering me an agency for the work. (His letter is now in the possession of Mr. Wm. Pond, of New York, who published my copy.) Mr. Pond compelled all those who had published my words and music to disgrace their plates of Dixie and discontinue its further publication. Every showman and minstrel that was in New York at the time of the dispute about the authorship signed a paper to the effect that they had never heard anything like my song of "Dixie," either north, south, east or west, until they heard it sung at the Bryant Minstrels in New York. And now to conclude this short, but correct statement, I will merely say that it is nothing but a plain, simple melody, with plantation words, the purport of which is that a negro in the south feels himself out of place, and, thinking of his old home in the south, is made to exclaim, in the words of the song:—"*I wish I was in Dixie's Land!*" This is the first and only statement I ever made. With great respect, I am yours, DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

THE MILITARY CHAMPIONSHIP.—The challenge recently issued by the Montgomery Light Guard, of Boston, Mass., has elicited responses from two organizations. First on the list are the State Fencibles, of Philadelphia, the reply being given underneath:—

PHILADELPHIA, March 25d, 1872.

COMMANDING OFFICER Co. I, 9TH REG'T N. G. M.

DEAR SIR.—Having seen an article going the rounds of the newspapers of New York and our own city, stating that it is the desire of your command to contend with any company in the United States for the championship and $500 or $1,000 in cash, and I not having much confidence in sensational reports of any kind take the liberty of addressing myself to you in order ascertain, if possible, all the particulars in reference to the matter. I do not ask the information out of idle curiosity, but with a view, if possible, of contending with your company for the title of "State champion of the United States." You will please understand that any command will not drill for any sum of money, and we do not particularly desire to meet any company for the above title; but we are not willing that it shall be held by any organization in the United States without a struggle.

Hoping that you will send me an answer immediately, I remain yours, truly, JOHN W. RYAN,

Capt. State Fencibles, Co. A, 4th N. G., of Pa. Champions of Pa.

The Utica Fire Zouaves, Co. B, N. G. S. N. Y., are next. John P. Kelly, captain of said company, says they are anxious to meet "any company in the state or out of it," and wants to know if he can be accommodated by meeting the challengers on neutral ground.

# BASE BALL.

## CALLING BALLS.

In calling balls, under the new code for 1872, the umpire will have to observe the appended rules:—

1. He must neither call nor count the first ball delivered to each striker, as the first ball is dead as far as calling or counting it is concerned.

2. Every ball recorded in the section headed "Unfair Balls" must be called in the order of its delivery after the first ball has been sent in. The section in which the word "repeatedly" occurs does not apply in this case. For instance, suppose the pitcher sends in four consecutive "unfair" balls, the first is not counted, but the next three must be called in succession.

3. When the pitcher "repeatedly" fails to deliver *fair* balls to the bat, then the umpire must call balls on him. For instance, should the pitcher, on delivering the first ball to the bat, send in a "poor" ball when a "high" one is called for, that ball is neither to be called or counted; but should the second not be a "high" ball as called for, such ball is to be counted but not "called;" that is, it is to be counted as the first of the two balls which will constitute the required repetitions of the unfair delivery necessary to incur the penalty, and should the third ball not be within the specified distance, then "one ball" must be called. It is only in the case of a failure to deliver "fair" balls to the bat that the word repeatedly comes into play, and not in the case of the delivery of unfair balls. It should be remembered that there is a distinction between the class of balls expressly named "unfair balls," and such balls as constitute a failure to deliver *fair* balls, as a reading of the appended sections will show:—

UNFAIR BALLS.

4. All balls delivered to the bat which are sent in over the striker's head, or on the ground in front of the home base, or on the side opposite to that which the batsman strikes from, or which hits the striker while he is standing in his proper position, or which are sent in within a foot of his person, shall be considered unfair balls, and every such unfair ball must be called in the order of its delivery, after the first ball has been delivered, the first ball to each striker alone to be excepted.

FAIR BALLS.

5. All balls delivered to the bat which are sent over the home base, and "high" or "low," as the batsman calls for, and which are not delivered by an overhand throw or by a round-arm delivery, as in cricket, shall be considered fair balls.

It will be seen that the pitcher may fail to deliver "fair balls" to the bat and yet not send in an "unfair ball." For instance, a ball sent in over the home base and between a foot from the ground and waist high of the striker is not an "unfair ball," and yet, owing to the fact of a high ball being called for, it is not strictly a fair ball. The difference in the application of the penalty is, that while every "unfair ball"—as described in section 4 of the rule in question—must be called whenever delivered, the other class of unfair balls—that is, not fair balls for the striker—cannot be called until the pitcher has "repeatedly"—viz., twice in succession—failed to deliver fair balls to the bat. This difference in the application of the penalty should be well studied by umpires.

6. When the striker fails to call for either a "high" or a "low" ball, no ball can be called on any ball sent in over the home base, and anywhere between shoulder high of the batsman and within one foot of the ground, all such balls then being fair balls.

7. The umpire has no right to call any ball until it has plainly passed the home base. In fact, he is expressly prohibited from doing so.

8. Every time the umpire allows an "unfair" ball to go by without being called, he violates the express rules of the game, as much so as if he were to refuse to decide a player out who has been caught out on the fly.

7. It is not now optional with the umpire to be lenient or strict in calling balls. He is false to his duty if he fails to observe the strict letter of the law in this respect.

8. There is not a ball named in the section headed "unfair balls" that is within the legitimate reach of the bat, and therefore not a ball that should not be called whenever delivered.

9. The rule in question is intended as a stop to wilfully unfair pitching and a wild delivery. If the pitcher neither will nor can send in balls within the fair reach of the bat, he deserves to be punished for it.

10. The sections defining "fair balls" and "balls not called for" are worded so as to allow full latitude to the pitcher for legitimate strategy in delivery, as we have endeavored to explain.

11. Under section 4 of rule second the striker can be given his base on called balls after four unfair balls have been delivered; but under section 5 of the same rule, he cannot take his base on called balls unless five balls not fair have been delivered.

## LONE STAR vs. ATLANTIC.

A game was played at Algiers, La., on March 17th, between the Atlantic Club, of that place, and the Lone Stars, of New Orleans, the latter winning by the subjoined score:—

| Lone Star. | R. | 1a. | P.O. | A. | Atlantic. | R. | 1a. | P.O. | A. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Scott, c | 5 | 3 | 2 | 0 | Foley, p | 4 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Reed, 3d b | 6 | 3 | 1 | 4 | Oser, r f | 1 | 3 | 0 | 0 |
| Tracy, 1 f | 6 | 3 | 3 | 0 | Jones, 2d b | 1 | 0 | 3 | 1 |
| Tennison, 2d b | 6 | 2 | 3 | 1 | Smith, l f | 2 | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| Everett, 1st b | 2 | 1 | 9 | 1 | J. McKee, s s | 3 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Bauer, p | 2 | 4 | 1 | 3 | Steele, 3d b | 3 | 2 | 2 | 3 |
| Oby, s s | 3 | 2 | 1 | 4 | Coley, c | 1 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| Seidl, r f | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Brownlee, c f | 3 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Amar, c f | 4 | 4 | 0 | 0 | McKee, 1 f | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 40 | 21 | 18 | 14 | Totals | 19 | 12 | 15 | 7 |

| Innings. | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lone Star | 12 | 1 | 6 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0—40 |
| Atlantic | 12 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0—19 |

## R. E. LEE vs. EXCELSIOR.

On March 17th one of the finest games ever contested at New Orleans was played by the above named clubs, as will be observed from the score underneath:—

| R. E. Lee. | R. | 1a. | P.O. | A. | Excelsior. | R. | 1a. | P.O. | A. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Levi, s s | 3 | 3 | 0 | 0 | Perry, 3d b | 0 | 1 | 4 | 2 |
| Barret, 1st b | 0 | 0 | 12 | 0 | Atwater, p | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 |
| Hennessey, 2d b | 2 | 0 | 0 | 4 | Fay, 2d b | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| Baxter, l f | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | Zelsky, 2d b | 0 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Krummel, 3d b | 0 | 0 | 0 | 1 | Ellick, c f | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Canty, c | 1 | 1 | 6 | 1 | Thomas, c | 1 | 2 | 4 | 3 |
| Bertel, r f | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | Shea, 1st b | 0 | 0 | 11 | 0 |
| Bond, c f | 1 | 2 | 1 | 0 | Martin, l f | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Collins, p | 0 | 1 | 2 | 5 | Casey, r f | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 6 | 6 | 27 | 13 | Totals | 4 | 9 | 27 | 13 |

| Innings. | 1st | 2d | 3d | 4th | 5th | 6th | 7th | 8th | 9th |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Lee | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1—6 |
| Excelsior | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 2 | 0—4 |

Umpire—Martial Redon, of the Lone Star Club.

THE OPENING TOUR OF THE BOSTON CLUB.—A letter from Harry Wright, dated March 27th, contains the following interesting information:—

We have concluded to take an earlier trip to Washington this year than we did last. I have written to all the clubs, and propose playing them as follows:—Atlantics, Monday, April 15th; Eckfords, 16th; Nationals, Washington, 17th; Olympics, 18th; Baltimore, 19th; Athletics, 20th; Mutuals, 22d; Troy, 24th; and the Baltimore Club, at Boston, Saturday, 27th. Monday, 29th, we leave open, so that if rain should stop our games at Washington, Baltimore, or Philadelphia, we shall return and play them, and the same with the 23d and 26th. If we should miss playing a game in New York we can return. All these games are to be for the championship. We have not had any out-door practice yet, there having been snow on the ground for the last week, and last night it snowed very heavy again. I am afraid our opening game for "Fast day" will have to be postponed. John Ryan arrived on Monday afternoon by the steamer from Savannah, being pretty well used up, after five days on the water. We have sent our ten dollars ($10 to Alex. Davidson, chairman championship, admitting us as a contestant for the championship. Worth and Mort. Rogers, of the Stars, will be on here to play with us on Fast day.

UNION, OF BOSTON.—At the annual meeting of this club, held on March 26th, the following officers were elected:—President, G. F. Kellogg; vice president, G. P. Hayden; secretary, F. H. Wheeler; treasurer, Chas. McLeod; captain, C. H. Albee. The following are the players:—C. B. Robertson, c.; F. A. Wheeler, p. G. P. Hayden, s. s.; C. McLeod, 1st b.; W. P. Penhallow, 2d b.; G. F. Kellogg, 3d b.; C. H. Albee, l. f.; C. Phelps, c. f.; John Cannon, r. f.; R. Elliot, substitute. All letters should be addressed to C. H. Albee, 21 John street, Boston, Mass.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE is conducive to health, and all who wish to develope their muscles by the use of gymnastic appliances are referred to Sim D. Kehoe's advertisement in another column. His specialty is Indian clubs, and he published a book on Indian club exercises, but he is also prepared to furnish all other kinds of goods and build gymnasia and bowling alleys to order. Kehoe has just patented a new striking bag, which, being made of leather and sponge, is a good and not very hard subject for young men to exercise their mawleys on.

# THE GAME OF CHESS.

### To Correspondents.

A. E. HUGGINS.—We forgot to say to you that Prob. No. 794 is in all respects correct. 1..Q to her Kt sq; 2..Q to K R 7, etc.

H. J. M.—The above will help you through, too.

C. H. S. BOARD.—It is no small effort of magnanimity on our part to believe a N. Y. player entirely candid in asking such a question. If Black's King remains, yes! If the monarch has been "smiggled off," as we once saw done, the case requires further advisement.

MR. HEYWOOD'S Prob. No. 793 (we forgot who asked for it) runs thus:—1..Q to her 8, R × Kt; 2..B to K Kt 7, etc.

MR. BLACKBURNE'S Enig. Extra, with P on—1..Q to her 4, P moves, last; 2..Q to B 6 ch, R inter; 3..Q to B 7 ch, R inter; 4..Q to her 8, K moves; 5..Q to her 8. Solved by Adolph Reber.

### Enigma No. 803.

1st prize in a Prague Tourney.

BY HERR ANTON KOENIG.

at Q 8, K 6, Q R 2, Q 5, K B 2, K B 5, Q 2, and 4th.

at Q B 5, K R 6, Q R 3, Q Kt 6, K R 5, Q B 6th.

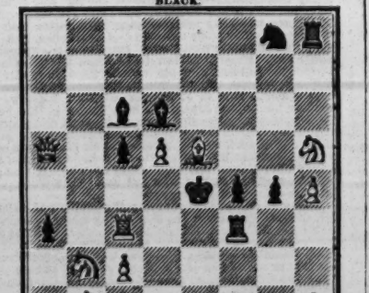
White to play and give mate in three moves.

### Problem No. 803.

1st prize in the Cleveland Tourney.

BY THEO. E. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

### Game No. 803.

1st game of a match contested some years since at Manchester, Eng., between our contributor, R. Pindar, and Mr. L. Hamel. The *partie* is very steadily and stubbornly fought, and is hitherto unpublished.

KING'S GAMBIT EVADED.

| Attack. | Defence. | Attack. | Defence. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Mr. Pindar. | Mr. Hamel. | Mr. Pindar. | Mr. Hamel. |
| 1...P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 18...K to B 4 | P to K R 3 |
| 2...P to K B 4 | P × P | 19...Q to Q 6 ch | P to K Kt 4 † |
| 3...K Kt-B 3 | Q Kt-B 3 | 20...K P × P | P × P † |
| 4...K B-Kt 5 | K Kt-Q 2 | 21...K-Kt 3 | Q R-K 7 |
| 5...K Kt × Kt | B P × Kt | 22...K B-Q sq | Q B × B |
| 6...P-Q 3 | B B-Kt 3 | 23...Q × Q | Q × Q |
| 7...K B-K 2 | P-Q 4 | 24...K-Kt 2 | Q-K 7 † |
| 8...P × P | P × P | 25...K-B 3 | Q-K 6 † |
| 9...K B-K B 3 | P-Q B 3 | 26...K-Kt 4 | Q-K 6 † |
| 10...Q B-K 3 | Q-Kt 3 | 27...K-Kt 5 | Q-K 7 † |
| 11...Q-B 3 | Castles | 28...Q-Kt 7 | P-Q Kt 4 |
| 12...Castles | Q B-Kt 5 | 29...Q R-Kt 7 | P-Q R 3 |
| 13...K-Kt sq | Q B-K 3 | 30...Q-Kt 6 | R-Kt sq |
| 14...P-K B 3 | P-K B 4 | 31...K-Kt 6 | Q B-K 8 ch |
| 15...P-K Kt 4 | P-Q P | 32...K-B 6 | P-Kt 3 |
| 16...P × P | Q-K B 5 + | 33...K-B 6 ch | K-Kt 2 |
| 17...P-K 5 | Q-K B 5 | 34...K-Kt 6 ch | K-Kt 1 |
| 18...P × P | K R × P (a) | 35...K-B 6 ch | K-Kt 2 |
| 19...K R-K sq | K-Kt 2 | 36...K-Kt 6 ch | K-Kt 1 |
| 20...K-Kt 2 | K R-K sq | 37...K-B 6 ch | K-Kt 2 |
| 21...K R-K sq | K-B 3 | 38...K-Kt 6 ch | K-Kt 1 |
| 22...K-B 3 | Q-K 5 | 39...K-B 6 ch | K-Kt 2 |
| 23...K-Kt 2 

# THEATRICAL RECORD.

*Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.*

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☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucy. (2)
Aimee, M'lle.
Aldeah, Lizzie A. M. (7)
Brooks, Kate.
Browning, Kate.
Burton, Clara. (2)
Bryant, Jennie.
Bakes, Fanny.
Burton, Minnie.
Bosworth, Julia.
Bryan, Belle F.
Boyd, Nellie.
Cobona, Mad.
Chapman, Mrs.
Clark, Nellie.
Charles, Lottie E.
Clifton, Emma.
Crayton, Gussie.
Denin, Susan.
Doty, Lottie.
Ernst, Maud.
Edwards, Nellie.
Evans, Rose Sc.
Emmons, Julia.
Fiske, Marion.
Foy, Miss J. E.
Fox, Bertha.
Faulkner, Mrs J.
Fister, Emma.
Fiske, Mrs. Moses W.
Gray, Georgie M.
Geary, Mina.
Grey, Edwina.
Granville, Gertie.
Galton, Mrs. M. A.
Gibson, Clara A.
Heathcote, Kate. (2)
Howard, Mrs. A.
Howorth, Mrs. M. E.
Hallean, Mad.
Howard, Maud.
Hergesell, Elise.
Hamilton, Maud.
Jester, Bessie W.
Knapp, Nellie E.
Keene, Laura.
Maddern, Lizzie.
Marshall, Mrs. H. A. (2)
Niyaci, Emma Webb.
Neville, Emma.
Rose, Fareya.
Rosetta, M'lle.
Robinson, Mad. A.
Rignold, Jane. (2)
Ryse, Ellie.
Rogers, Sadi.
Snow Hattie.
Sebastian, Jane E.
Stevens, Lillie. (2)
Schell, Emma.
Stanley, Blanche.
Turska, E. M.
Turnour, Millie, 10c.
Thompson, Lydia, 20c
Taylor, Nellie
Wallace, Agnes.
Weathersby, Miss
Young, Fannie C.
Zeoneiti, Zoe.
Zelma, Zadie.

GENTLEMENS LIST.

Alvyne, E. T. J.
Adams, Grizzly.
Armstrong, Geo. F.
Allison, Frank.
Arnold, Jas. A.
Bishop, Geo.
Buchanan, McKeen.
Booker, Harry.
Blind Tom.
Bryant, Amory. (2)
Bowen, Frank.
Brasell, Johnny.
Burnett, J. (2)
Barbell, Alf.
Barlow, Milton G.
Bangs, Frank.
Bangs, Frank.
Brown, E. B.
Burns, J. R.
Bartley, Johnny.
Beard, W.
Burns, C.
Brown, E. B.
Carter, C. H.
Charles, Geo. W. (2)
Comedy, Albert.
Cooke, Wm. F.
Cunningham, H., Sc.
Cary, Louis B.
Clarke, Kit.
Chapman, Geo.
Connor, Dan W.
Cook, Louis E.
Costello, Chas.
Coup, Zack.
Chalmers.
Chesknil, D.
Clarke, C. H.
Cobbs, Pat.
Cipriani, F.
Cunningham, Hy.
Drewcie, Thos. H.
Davis, Hunter.
Donaldson, W. H.
De Haven, Claude.
Damilie, Sons. (2)
Diamond, Jas. 10c.
Dougherty, Hugh.
Drew, Jr., Frank. (2)
Emery, J.
Delano, Jeppe.
Daly, Augustin.
Day, E. M.
De Witt, S.
Du Maille, C.
Dobson, Frank.
Eberle, Eugene F. (2)
Edwards, Geo. H.
Eldridge, Chas.
Freeman, Jas. H.
Fostelle, C.
Fairweather, & Co.
Farren, Geo.
Franckum, Geo. (2)
Forepaugh, Adam.
Gaskell, Jr., A.
Grafton, Geo.
Grady, G. G. (2)
Gaylord, Low.
Griffiths, E. S.
Good, Chas.
Howell, Jas. P.
Hicks, C. B. (4)
Hudson, Harry B.
Hart, Harry. (2)
Harrison, Frank.
Height, Bob. (2)
Hollowell, Ed.
Hall, Chas. G.
Hunter, Harry.
Hastings, F. S.
Heindfeld, Ferd.
Hill, J. Wesley.
Harland, W. E.
Howorth, M. E.
Ince, John.
Joel, Thos.
Keahle, Chas. W.
Kelly, Acton E.
Kilbourne, Jas. F.
L'Estrange, Tom.
Le Clair, J. (3)
Lovejoy, H. C.
Lennox, C. J. (3)
Leslie, John.
Lawlor, Wm. F.
Lewis, J. H.
Lippman, Mike.
Leningwell, M. W.
Lauri, John, 13c.
Lane, Jno. M., 24c.
Maas, Jas. (3)
Martin, Prof. D.
Morgan, Wm. H.
Martin, Thos.
Maginley, Ben R.
Meyer, Julius S.
Morris, Lon.
Murphy, Johnny S.
Manning's Minstrels
Mariotti, Mr.
Marshall, Harry A.
Mitchell, Geo. W.
M. and A. (2)
Mosier, Fred.
Mairs, Joe.
Mills, W. J.
Martino, Prof.
Macdonald, Geo.
Melville, W. T.
Miller, Herman.
Mack, Joe H.
Naylor, Jno. W. (2)
Naylor, Fred. R. (2)
O'Lynn, Teddy. (2)
Otto, L.
Oughton, W. A.
Parselle, John.
Painter & Durand. (2)
Pulis, Halsey.
Primrose, Geo.
Pedanto.
Pike, L. L.
Prescott, D. K.
Phillips, Geo.
Pearson, J. N.
Perry, O. P.
Pond, Chas.
Price, Edwin.
Phillips, Gus. (30)
Price, Wally.
Rice, Dan.
Russell, E. S.
Richards, Chas.
Read, Jake.
Rollins, E. H.
Rickey, Sammy. (2)
Runnells, Burnell
Sc.
Robinson, Prof. J. S.
Seals, Wm. H.
Swab, Harry.
Simmons, W. H.
Sharman, W. H.
Snow, Beni. M.
Seymour, Harry.
Smith, Sol, 6c.
Showers, Andy (2)
Stonely, Wm.
Skillings, Geo. A.
Sanrean, Jacob. (2)
Stewart, Geo. W.
Sturges, Geo. W.
Schoefel, Jno. B. (3)
Sewell, E. J.
Salisbury, Hop.
Stevens, R. E.
Stickley, Jr., Sam.
Shubruck, Rich'd. (3)
Sambrook, J.
Sharpley, Sam.
Steel, J. G.
Sutton, Dan.
Shorey, J. G. H.
Sharpe, L. L.
Santley, Jno.
Saynor, Harry. (2)
Sylvester, Prof. A
Thorogood, Harry. (2)
Tourjee, Hattie, Theodore.
Todd, Wm.
Taylor, Jas.
Talbot, Bill.
Taylor, Joseph.
Victorelli, H.
Villa, S. B.
Wheeler, Matt (3)
Wadge, E. H.
Washburn, F. W. (2)
Wheeler, R. O. (2)
Watson, Geo.
Washburn, E. S. (3)
Warhurst, Thos.
Walters, Levi T.
Wills Herr.
Watson, W.
Williams, H. A. B.
Williams, Jno. L. (3)
Zabriskie, Jake.
White, Chas. O.
Wilson, Lon.

## Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, April 1st, '72.

EASTER MONDAY! All hail the glorious day. The season of festivities and rejoicing was ushered in with a cold, raw, northeasterly rain storm, and this put a damper on the good people who sought their churches on the early Sabbath morn. After a long observance of *holy*days, we now enter upon the *holi*days, and that it will prove to be enjoyable no one can doubt. But we cannot admit that the boys have done their level best during Lent; many of them have gone back on their religious duties, and done many of those things which they ought not to have done, as you may have long since perceived; but *nunquam dormio*, let the sports proceed.....It is rather unfortunate that Easter Monday and April Fool's Day come together this year, for our long-looked for pleasures of the former are likely to be sadly marred by the mischievous pranks of unholy urchins during the latter. Already have we been made the unwilling victim of a number of fiendish newsboys, who, knowing our propensity for picking up things, wickedly placed a cunningly devised package in our path just as we were about to enter our place of business. Very quietly we "raised" the innocent bundle, the irreligious boys "seen" us, and awaited the "grand opening," as our show friends would say. Without a shadow of suspicion we deftly entered the building, cut away the strings that held the package fast, and just as a dead rat came to view, those devilish boys also burst upon our view, and such a shout as they sent up at our expense we never wish to hear again. When we piously expostulated with them on the error of their ways, and pointed out to them the downward *grade* by which they were *degrading* themselves, these unwholesome juveniles each whied a *dyed* and *decomposed* Easter egg at our head, leaving us in an *eggs*hausted condition, which can be better imagined than described. We shall venture out no more this blessed April fool's day.....*Tennie C.* Claflin is a right peert body, and the immense crowd that attended her queer *bird* lecture at the Academy on *good* Friday night let *Tennie see* that her back-action efforts in the cause of women and morality were manfully appreciated.

Oh, Tennie C., oh, Tennie C.,
With manners sweet, yet haughty,
How could you stand before that crowd
And talk as awful naughty?
Let cruel men the standard raise,
For free love let them cry out;
I, Tennie, am there again;
And soon the thing will die out.

.....The fire fiend has been savagely attacking our dramatic friends of late, we are sorry to say. Simmons & Slocum were sadly scorched by the fire at their opera house in Philadelphia. Since then Mrs. Drew's Arch Street Theatre, although now for the first time "Through Fire" without *much* damage, and we are also pleased to note that our own Bowery Theatre, after much labor and difficulty, have got "Out of the Fire," to the delight of its numerous friends and supporters. Is there no law to prevent these incendiary attempts—at pan making?.....Now that our circus friends are about starting on their annual campaign among our country cousins, let us duly impress one important thing upon their kind consideration. Pious bill posters, connected with the sawdust brigade, never see a rural meeting house without going for it instanter, and covering it up, from gable to foundation wall, with the most gorgeous looking circus pictures that a devoted religious man ever witnessed. Now, our bill posting confreres mean well in thus ornamenting country churches and country tomb-stones, but the fault finding picture gallery society of those pieces complain that the picture galleries into which their premises have been converted have a tendency to draw away the dear brethren from the sanctuary to devious paths which lead but to sin, and to the circus. They complain, furthermore, do these venerable old kangaroos, that the church is *not* the proper place whereon to affix wild animals and snakes, and naked men and women. We promised a committee of *laymen* that, while respecting the erroneous view they take of natural history and sports of the arena, nevertheless we would speak to the boys on the subject, and use our influence to induce the gentlemen of the *paste* brigade to *pay* strict attention to our behests, and abstain, as far as may be practicable, from covering up the *dead* walls of churches with *live* bills, or burying tomb-stone and other work of sepulchres in flaming announcements of living skeletons, double-headed women, and other wild and monstrous curiosities. The boys, therefore, will, as law abiding, Christian citizens, no longer molest the dear brethren and equally dear sisters who shout the glad tidings within the walls of Zion's temples.

Now, men of many a past campaign,
Bow men of ye paste brigade,
No longer let country folk complain
That ye heed not what we've said;
But gather your traps when a church you see,
Though its walls may invite your bills,
Go ye on to the sign of ye "Old Oak Tree,"
Where the boys will be welcome still.

.....Speaking of *heartless* men we are reported that Hart, the sculptor of *heartless* fame, who is now in Florence, is "engaged" upon the "most beautiful female figure the world has ever seen," and "that it will require many years to complete the work." Now, as an American, we want to know whether the *designs* of this man are honorable or not; and if so, is it her physical figure or the pecuniary figure this heartless man is after. Let no disgrace attach to the nation by the *cutting* sarcasm of the period. "Now let this stricken Hart go weep," as Mister Shakespeare has repeatedly asserted. And here is *another* instance of misplaced confidence: one of our society paper reporters tells of a young gentleman who whispered to a young lady, and "took her apart." This is taking rather too *much* freedom; to be sure, it is somewhat difficult for a lady to take herself apart, the way she is got up in these days of invention and improvement; but still we don't see that a strange man has any business there at such a time. Our morals are growing worse ever since Carl Schurz and Horace Greeley declared in favor of the Cincinnati Free Love Convention.....'The Heroic in Common Life" is the title of an address which is being delivered by *Grace Greenwood*. The pleasing address with which this lady addresses her hearers is another evidence of the gifts with which nature has endowed her. May it be long ere her

met, are underlined to appear in succession. Our veteran and worthy stage manager, Ben Rogers, will receive his annual benefit some time during the coming month."

MISS JANE COOMBS and her dramatic company opened for a short season at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O., on March 25th, with the "School for Scandal." On the 26th, "Love's Sacrifice" was given, and the "Love Chase" on the 27th. Our correspondent, writing on March 29th, says:—"In the latter, Miss Coombs' Constance was a rare treat, she acting with spirit and humor. Frederick Robinson's Wildrake was also well conceived and rendered, and the Sir William Fondlove of A. D. Bradley, and Widow Green of Mrs. Howard Rogers, extremely comical; Mr. J. C. Nelson's Master Waller was rather indifferent; Will. H. Otis, as Master Trueworth, was good, and the Master Neville of J. V. Dailey was ably enacted. Miss E. V. Proudfoot's Lydia was not satisfactorily performed. Miss Coombs, on her former visit to this city, won hosts of friends and admirers, and was heartily welcomed back, the house being crowded nightly. On the 28th, 'The Wife's Secret' was given, and the benefit bill for to-night will be 'London Assurance.' Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Romeo and Juliet' is announced for the *matinee* to-morrow afternoon, and in the evening, 'Ingomar.' The company remain another week. Mr. J. Newton Gotthold, of the Pittsburgh Opera House, will open at this house on the 8th of April, in a new sensational drama, written expressly for him by Bartley Campbell, entitled 'Through Fire.'"

"DIVORCE," under the management of Furbish and Wilton, was announced for Harrisburg, Pa., on April 1st, and Williamsport, 2d.

MISS KATIE PUTNAM and company opened at Evansville, Ind., on the 25th with "Meg's Diversion," preceded by "Anthony and Cleopatra." Our correspondent, writing on March 29th, says:—"Notwithstanding this is Holy Week, the house has been pretty well filled every night, the company being, if anything, better than it was when here last. On Tuesday the 'Hidden Hand' was given. Katie's Capitola was excellent. The rest of the company did well throughout. On Wednesday evening the favorite drama, 'Rosedale,' was presented to a very fine house. Katie's Rosa Leigh was a fine piece of acting; perhaps a little too rollicksome. Browne as Elliott Grey gained new laurels. Harrison as Bunberry Kobb could not be much better. To-night we have 'East Lynne,' and for Katie's benefit, Friday, the new drama entitled 'Mignonette.' The party will remain April 1st, 2d and 3d.

J. B. ROBERTS and a dramatic company performed "Damon and Pythias" at Trenton, N. J., March 26th.

THE MANTINETTI-RAYNE pantomime troupe are billed for Trenton, N. J., April 1st.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE commenced an engagement of six nights at Logansport, Ind., April 1st.

CINCINNATI DRAMATIC ITEMS are furnished by our correspondent, writing on March 29th, to the appended effect:—"At Wood's Theatre we have this week had a season of horse opera, 'Mazeppa,' with Kate Fisher and her trained steed 'Wonder,' having been the attraction since Monday night. It is the first performance of the play for several years in this city, and as a consequence it has drawn very good houses. The leading parts are well rendered by Miss Fisher and the horse, the latter particularly showing excellent training. The lady displays a fine figure, and though perhaps not among the most brilliant female elocutionists, still she can be called pleasing. J. E. Whiting made an admirable Tartar King in appearance, and evidently relished the *role* exceedingly, being as spirited as a dead march. The Olinska of Mary Davenport was a very pleasing rendition. Fannie Prestige, as her maid, was arch and pretty, and John Marble was broadly funny in his character, introducing several comic songs, which took well. Miss Lu Ralfe ford appeared in a dance, and has become a regular member of the company. The piece was generally well performed, but the other characters gave no room for especial display, though Church, Wood, Barton and Mrs. Salisbury deserve mention. For to-night (Friday) 'Mazeppa' is to be repeated, with the additional attraction of 'Dick Turpin,' which bill will also be given to-morrow evening. Next (this) week Edwin Adams is to perform, and on the 15th, 'After the Ball' is announced for production, with Mrs. B. Macauley as Arrah, and either Dominick Murray or Joe Murphy as Shaun, the Post.....

The National has been giving a third week of the 'Necromancer of Egypt,' to a rather moderate business, notwithstanding that Ella Wesner has been an introduced card. The spectacle now runs very smoothly, and is really beautiful, but has certainly failed to draw up to expectations. The character change songs of Miss Wesner are evidently modelled after those of Annie Hindle, though she is in many respects original, and depicts certain of her characters admirably. Next (this) week the 'Necromanger' goes to Louisville, Ky., with the same scenes, cast and *ballet*, and the National will be occupied by the Great Eastern Circus and Menagerie, which is a union of the Madame Lake Circus and C. T. Ames' Menagerie, and has with it George W. De Haven, R. E. Jones and Dan Lapenter, the latter a former proprietor of the Fourth street Academy of Music, which was burned about a year ago, and who has, heretofore, been a commission merchant in this city. On Monday, the 8th, Mr. Sargent will resume the regular variety show. Ella Wesner remains over, and Jacques Kruger, J. A. Kelly, Oscar Willis and Lisie Riddell return.....A party has been organized here to play 'Humpty Dumpty' along the Ohio river, having, it is said, all of Tony Denier's paraphernalia. It is under the management of J. Meerfield, and will embrace the following artists:—Charley Munro, clown; Harry Gilbert, harlequin; John Rivers, Frank Rivers, Sallie Eldridge, Gussie Logan, Emma Devere, Ned Rainford, George Drake (artist) and others. They open at Lawrenceburg, Tuesday, 2d; Aurora, 3d; Madison, 4th, and then continue down the Ohio."

ROBERT CRAIG made his first appearance in California at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, on March 18th, when he acted in the "Widow's Victim" and "Temptation; or, The Irish Emigrant." Our regular correspondent, writing on March 22d, makes the following comments:—"These plays were not only very familiar, but made up a bill of the slightest texture. Neither possess any decided merit, and to be rendered attractive to present audiences a new interest should be lent them by being made conveyances for the expression of original and vital power. They were used to this end by Mr. Craig, and in an exhibition of genuine talent he plucked the flower, success, off an almost barren and well trodden ground. There is something unhackneyed about this young comedian's work which is absolutely refreshing. It has the effect of appearing a spontaneous burst of inspiration, yet nothing is left to chance, as every gesture and inflection is rated for a certain value beforehand, but the mechanical means which produces the effect is wrapped in a garb of art so as to soften down all hardness and angularity. In symmetry of proportion, Mr. Craig's impersonations—strongly vitalized under a flow of personal electricity—were distinguished by intelligence, clearness and fullness of expression. His imitations in the 'Widow's Victim' were remarkable. They were reproductions of unerring fidelity, and that the likeness was not easily estimated as nothing is complete realization of appearance and style of the lamented novelist, whose personality is now historic. Mr. Craig, not being acclimated, after appearing three nights was seized with a cold which rendered him almost speechless, and for a time he has been obliged to withdraw. The company is acting in the 'Red Pocket Book,' but upon the recovery of Mr. Craig it will be shelved for the production of his burlesque of 'Don Juan.' Mr. Frank B. Culley has been engaged at this theatre to act as business manager.....

Watts Phillips' new drama, 'On the Jury,' produced on March 18th, was acted at the California Theatre during the week with the following cast:—Tibbetts, Charles Wheatleigh; Dexter Sanderson, H. Edwards; Prof. Schmidt, J. C. Williamson; Mr. Curtett, Fred. Franks; Robt. Sanderson, W. A. Mestayer; Bargeman, Henry Coad; Waterman, E. N. Thayer; Piemaker, Torrence; Edith Ferrars, Miss Rose Evans; Miss Nippingale, Mrs. Judah; Miss Winch, Imogene Vandyke; Miss Spinks, Miss Chambers; Miss Rose, Miss Effie Wilton; Miss Kate, Miss Phemie Stanley; Tilda, Mrs. Saunders; Servant, C. Henry. The plot of the drama has already appeared in the CLIPPER, therefore it is not necessary to rehearse it on this occasion. It is only one of Watts Phillips' best, the dialogue being often smart and incisive, but the story, as with nearly all told by this author, is tinted with a tragic coloring. It has been well acted, Wheatleigh especially distinguishing himself by a portraiture of great strength and purpose; his Tibbetts, in fact, is the best bit of character drawn during his engagement. It is a picture brimming with sweetness and tenderness, and its touching pathos has made a deep felt impression. Edwards also gave a powerful piece of acting, bearing a great weight of the drama upon his shoulders, and Miss Rose Evans came in for a share of the honors, conveying in forcible colors the bitter experience of a proud, affectionate nature. The piece was handsomely mounted. On April 25th, 'An Irishman's Heart,' a new three act drama by Tom De Walden, and the farce of 'Jones' Baby,' are to be produced. On April 8th, after long preparation, W. S. Gilbert's new and beautiful fairy poem, the 'Palace of Truth,' will be produced as a spectacle, with a wealth of new scenery by Porter, and a *ballet*, including the Majilions and Venturoli. After the close of the season, which ends in July, the interior of the theatre will be re-modeled with the view of improving its acoustic properties and increasing its capacity. The circle will be brought forward, new boxes will occupy the places of the large mirrors now on each side of the proscenium, and it is expected that by these and other improvements the house will hold $500 more. The contemplated improvements will cost about $30,000, and the theatre will probably remain closed two months before they are completed."

A DRAMA ENTITLED "A Dream of Life; or, the Lost One Reclaimed," was produced at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the evening of March 26th, for the first time in America. The plot is slight and is made to point a moral illustrating the baneful effects of intemperance. There is much in the drama to awaken deep interest and enlist the sympathies of the audience, the incidents and effects being numerous, although not particularly striking or original. The drama opens with a scene in the home of Henry Bertram, a drunkard, (Mr. Charles K. Thorne, Jr.,) who comes home in his usual state of intoxication, and after quarreling with his wife, Grace Bertram (Mrs. E. L. Davenport), falls asleep and has a dream, in which he sees himself following a life of debauchery until he finally stands on the scaffold convicted of murder—the details of this dream form the main portion of the drama—and in the final scene he awakens horror-stricken, only to find it a mere illusion; but the severe lesson inculcated by his dream has had the effect of working an entire reformation in his character, and with the joyful information that he has been made heir to a fortune, the drama comes to a conclusion. Mr. E. L. Davenport was to have assumed the character of Henry Bertram, which he originally did in London on the occasion of its first production some fifteen years ago, but in consequence of his severe illness this important part was intrusted to Mr. Charles R. Thorne Jr., who, with the exception of occasional carelessness, gave a fine conception of the character, bringing out many of the points with remarkable prominence. Mrs. E. L. Davenport evinced her usual dramatic ability in her original character of Grace Bertram, her performance being replete with touches of exquisite pathos and feeling. Mr. Harry Josephs infused a considerable amount of comic humor into his delineation of Billy Swizle, and Mrs. Louisa Morse, Miss Jacobs, and Messrs. G. W. Marcellus and Alex Vincent creditably sustained the smaller parts. The drama, which was well mounted, especially in the sensational scene of the four apartments in act second, was repeated during the past week to fair houses, in conjunction with the burlesque of "Cinderella," for three evenings, and the comedy of "Naval Engagements" during the balance of the week. The "Dream of Life" will be repeated every evening this week, and on the 3d of April a sketch adapted from Dickens, and entitled "Dolly Varden," will be produced for the first time. Mr. E. L. Davenport will make his re-appearance on the 8th inst., as Sir Edward Mortimer, in the play of "The Iron Chest."

MR. EDWIN BOOTH commences an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 25th ult., and during the week appeared in all three of the principal characters in "Julius Cæsar"—Brutus, Cassius and Marc Antony, in addition to personating the title *roles* in "Richelieu" and "Hamlet." Claude Melnotte in "The Lady of Lyons," Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," and Petruchio in "Katharine and Petruchio." Mr. Neil Warner, who was announced to appear as Cassius on the occasion of its first production on the 25th ult., failed to do so, and Mr. Charles Walcot, who was originally cast for Marc Antony, took the character of Cassius with a few hours' notice.

MISS SUSAN DENIN, supported by Frank Lawlor and a dramatic company, acted during the t week at Milwaukee, Wis.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the management improve every opportunity to provide for the enjoyment of their patrons, as was evinced last week to large audiences by the addition of the Lisa Weber Burlesque Troupe, and Sheridan and Mack, the favorite character artists, to the already large company there engaged. The most prominent features of the lengthy programme were as follows:—Sheridan and Mack, in their remarkably neat and original specialties, including that of the "Little Fraud," which appeared to be highly relished by their audiences; the burlesque of "Ernani; or, the Horn of a Dilemma," in which the Misses Lisa Weber, Marian Taylor, Marie Le Brun and Mr. James Vincent sustain the principal characters with much spirit and *abandon*, and sing the numerous songs and parodies incidental to it *in such a manner* as to evoke shouts of laughter and applause; the neat and artistic dancing of Lew. and Frank Collins; the comic songs of Sidney Franks, and George Wambold's cleverly trained dogs, lend variety to an enjoyable entertainment, and last, though not least, must be mentioned the two excellent *ballets* of "La Polka Tournament" and "Le Jardin A'Fleurs," in which the large *ballet corps*, headed by Mdlle. Alexandrina and Miss Lizzie Dark appear in a series of graceful evolutions, arranged by George W. Smith. The musical part of the programme is ably conducted by Prof. Jesse Williams. The Walhallas and Wambold Brothers closed here on the 30th ult., as also did Charles Fox and Master Willie. On the 1st of April, the Clair Sisters, contortionists, and Frank Wood, song and dance man, put in an appearance. On the 8th of April, the "Black Crook" Combination, including Mdlle. Sassi, Mons. De Costa and Prof. Samwell and his troupe of dogs and monkeys, will open at this theatre.

THEATRICAL BUSINESS IN CHICAGO, ILL., was, perhaps, never in a more prosperous condition at this particular season of the year, than at present, wrote our correspondent on March 29th, adding that:—"At the Academy of Music, the Chapman Sisters—Blanche and Ella—assisted by Mr. E. A. Locke, opened on March 25th, in the burlesque, 'Little Don Giovanni,' before an immense audience. Owing to a railroad detention the party did not reach here in time to rehearse the play properly, and in consequence, the burlesque was badly played throughout. The Misses Blanche and Ella did all they could, but all to no purpose. The dresses were rich and elegant, and the general mounting was commendable. Last evening the bill was changed and the performance passed off in a satisfactory manner. 'Checkmate,' charmingly played by the Misses Blanche and Ella Chapman, Kate Wilson, Messrs. J. C. Padgett, E. A. Locke, and Ed. Marble, opened the bill. 'Aladdin' was next introduced, and creditably played. Business thus far has been of a medium nature. Mr. Padgett is booked for a benefit the 30th; Little Nell appears on April 1st; Aimee's Opera *Bouffe* Company is to commence the 8th.....The Streets of New York' is the attraction at the Globe Theatre. Business has been moderately light during the week. The piece is creditably mounted, and in the main satisfactorily acted. 'The Black Crook' will occupy the boards the week commencing April 1st.....The Wallace Sisters are in the zenith of their success at the Michigan Avenue Theatre. In fact, judging from the audiences thus far, theirs will be decidedly the most successful engagement ever played at this theatre. The audiences are not only large, but are composed of the very best theatre-going people in the city. The bill for the first three nights was the same as presented at the Globe. Last evening the burlesque, 'Fra Diavolo,' and a rattling farce were produced and played in a faultless style throughout. They are well supported by Messrs. Fortescue, J. P. Johnson, John Denham, Gus. Howard and others. They open in Milwaukee the 1st, for six nights, after which they appear in Grand Rapids, Mich., 8th, 9th and 10th; Kalamazoo, 11th and 12th; Jackson, Lansing, Bay City, East Saginaw, Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland.

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CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL EXPOSITION is announced to perform at Springfield, O., April 6th; Urbana, 8th; Piqua, 9th; Troy, 10th; Dayton, 11th; Richmond, 12th, and Hamilton, 13th.

COOL HERBERT has dissolved partnership with Mr. Van Husan, and is now sole manager and lessee of the Athenæum, Keokuk, Iowa. His house will seat eight hundred in orchestra chairs, dress circle and gallery, and is furnished with twenty-five stands of scenery on flats. Talent is wanted. See advertisement.

VARIETY ARTISTS are wanted for Muskegon Varieties, Muskegon, Mich., which was opened on March 23d. See the manager's card elsewhere.

AT CAVELLA AND WALLACE'S NEW VARIETIES, St. Joseph, Mo., Ed. Wallace, balladist; Sheppard, banjo performer; Nina Du Bois and Philomena, vocalists, and Harry Cavella, were the chief attractions of the past week.

ALBERT GILBERT, comic dancer, whose address is in another column, can be engaged.

EVERSON AND GRANGER were the only fresh appearances at the Athenæum, a variety theatre at Keokuk, Iowa.

E. D. DAVIES, ventriloquist, at present performing at Wild's Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., commences an engagement at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 15th.

THE VICTORELLI FAMILY, gymnasts, and Annie Braddon, vocalist, are at present performing at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O.

BROWN AND SANFORD, gymnasts and *trapeze* performers, were the principal attractions at the Theatre Comique, New Haven, Conn., during the week ending March 30th. In their horizontal bar act they created quite a sensation. The usual olio of oddities was presented by the large company now at that theatre. Fair houses were the order of the week.

THE VARIOUS VARIETY HALLS in Cincinnati, O., are given by our correspondent, on the 29th of March, as follows:—"At the Pacific, the new appearances this week have been James W. Ward, the 'cloud swinger;' Harry Leary, comedian, and Nellie Georgia, vocalist, dancer and guitarist. Nellie Georgia has made a favorable impression. Harry Watson, Lizzie Sherman and Ward, are engaged to open with Cooper's Circus, on the 13th of April, at Hillsborough, Ohio. This hall has been improved this week by a handsomely painted curtain, and several drop scenes. Business continues tip-top.....At the Olympic, the new appearances have been Tom Clannon, banjoist and comedian, and Kate Hunter, *danseuse* and statue performer. The 'Golden Statues' of the latter are very good, and seem well liked. Charley Gregorie closed here this week, and is to open with James Robinson's circus, in St. Louis, Mo. Charley Benedict and Maggie Archer, now playing here, are to open at Deagle's, St. Louis, on the 8th. Casper Klein, ventriloquist, now here, is engaged for Sells Brothers' Circus, which begins its campaign at Columbus, Ohio, April 20th. Clara Whitman, also playing here, is engaged for Romelli and Johnson's Circus, which starts from Covington, Ky., about the 20th. Tom Clannon goes with John Robinson's show, whose inaugural at the Rink, in this city, has been postponed till the 8th. Charles Watson, late a performer at this hall, was stricken down with small-pox about a week since, and died in the city hospital yesterday, March 28th. He was a young man of very gentlemanly appearance and manners, was gifted with a sweet voice, dressed well, and bade fair to rank high as a character vocalist. He leaves a widow, Annie Watson, also a performer, who is almost distracted at her loss.....At the Vine Street Varieties the only addition this week has been Harry Wilkinson, banjoist and comedian, lately returned from a brilliant campaign in Evansville. Annie Gibbons, Georgie May and Laura Delano are to close in a few days, the two former to go to New Haven, Ct., and the latter to Buffalo, N. Y. Charley Munro closes to-morrow night, having engaged as clown in a 'Humpty Dumpty' party, which is mentioned in the dramatic news.....At the Race Street Theatre Nellie Georgia closed last week, and Marsh Adams opened on Monday, giving, besides the usual Ethiopian comicalities, his specialty of 'Old Black Joe,' in which he is very good. John Foster, J. C. Rivers, P. H. Seamon, Emma Devere and Sallie Eldridge close in a few days, Foster and Seamon to join circuses, as mentioned last week, and Devere are composed of the very best theatre-going people in the city. The bill for the first three nights was the same as presented at the Globe. Last evening the burlesque, 'Fra Diavolo,' and a rattling farce were produced and played in a faultless style throughout. They are well supported by Messrs. Fortescue, J. P. Johnson, John Denham, Gus. Howard and others. They open in Milwaukee the 1st, for six nights, after which they appear in Grand Rapids, Mich., 8th, 9th and 10th; Kalamazoo, 11th and 12th; Jackson, Lansing, Bay City, East Saginaw, Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland.

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## Variety Halls.

PROFESSOR FRANCISCO and his company, who are travelling in Texas, were at Palestine on March 16th. The following is a list of the company:—Mr. Marks, Ethiopian song and dance; Master Glendy Burke, song and dance; Master Marks in a ladder act; Professor Francisco, magician and ventriloquist, and Mr. Arnold, leader of the orchestra.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL EXPOSITION is announced to perform at Springfield, O., April 6th; Urbana, 8th; Piqua, 9th; Troy, 10th; Dayton, 11th; Richmond, 12th, and Hamilton, 13th.

COOL HERBERT has dissolved partnership with Mr. Van Husan, and is now sole manager and lessee of the Athenæum, Keokuk, Iowa. His house will seat eight hundred in orchestra chairs, dress circle and gallery, and is furnished with twenty-five stands of scenery on flats. Talent is wanted. See advertisement.

VARIETY ARTISTS are wanted for Muskegon Varieties, Muskegon, Mich., which was opened on March 23d. See the manager's card elsewhere.

AT CAVELLA AND WALLACE'S NEW VARIETIES, St. Joseph, Mo., Ed. Wallace, balladist; Sheppard, banjo performer; Nina Du Bois and Philomena, vocalists, and Harry Cavella, were the chief attractions of the past week.

ALBERT GILBERT, comic dancer, whose address is in another column, can be engaged.

EVERSON AND GRANGER were the only fresh appearances at the Athenæum, a variety theatre at Keokuk, Iowa.

E. D. DAVIES, ventriloquist, at present performing at Wild's Opera House, Syracuse, N. Y., commences an engagement at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 15th.

THE VICTORELLI FAMILY, gymnasts, and Annie Braddon, vocalist, are at present performing at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O.

BROWN AND SANFORD, gymnasts and *trapeze* performers, were the principal attractions at the Theatre Comique, New Haven, Conn., during the week ending March 30th. In their horizontal bar act they created quite a sensation. The usual olio of oddities was presented by the large company now at that theatre. Fair houses were the order of the week.

THE VARIOUS VARIETY HALLS in Cincinnati, O., are given by our correspondent, on the 29th of March, as follows:—"At the Pacific, the new appearances this week have been James W. Ward, the 'cloud swinger;' Harry Leary, comedian, and Nellie Georgia, vocalist, dancer and guitarist. Nellie Georgia has made a favorable impression. Harry Watson, Lizzie Sherman and Ward, are engaged to open with Cooper's Circus, on the 13th of April, at Hillsborough, Ohio. This hall has been improved this week by a handsomely painted curtain, and several drop scenes. Business continues tip-top.....At the Olympic, the new appearances have been Tom Clannon, banjoist and comedian, and Kate Hunter, *danseuse* and statue performer. The 'Golden Statues' of the latter are very good, and seem well liked. Charley Gregorie closed here this week, and is to open with James Robinson's circus, in St. Louis, Mo. Charley Benedict and Maggie Archer, now playing here, are to open at Deagle's, St. Louis, on the 8th. Casper Klein, ventriloquist, now here, is engaged for Sells Brothers' Circus, which begins its campaign at Columbus, Ohio, April 20th. Clara Whitman, also playing here, is engaged for Romelli and Johnson's Circus, which starts from Covington, Ky., about the 

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICALS, or other Advertisements coming under the head of ARTISTS' CARDS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND BUSINESS ADVERTISEMENTS, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—To be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
CASH TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DISCOUNT from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned.
FRANK QUEEN,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Corner Centre and Leonard streets, New York.

## AMUSEMENTS.

# TONY PASTOR.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMPANY.
SECOND ANNUAL TOUR.
Commencing at PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 6th. Immense array of Stars, amongst which are
THE THREE LEADING LIGHTS OF THE STAGE,
THE MISSES

| JENNY | JENNIE | ELLA |
|---|---|---|
| ENGEL, | WORRELL, | WESNER, |
| WORRELL, | WESNER, | ENGEL, |
| WESNER, | ENGEL, | WORRELL, |

MISS KITTY O'NEIL,
HARRIGAN AND HART,
FRANK KERNS, SAM DEVERE,
JOHNNY QUEEN, FRANK GIRARD,
TONY PASTOR
AND HIS ENTIRE TROUPE,
FROM TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE, N. Y.
1-tf N. D. ROBERTS, Business Manager.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

* * * FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS. * * *
The GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE, with which the piece closes, will be given every night at ELEVEN O'CLOCK.
LALLA ROOKH!
LALLA ROOKH!
A TALE OF TRUE LOVE CHARMINGLY TOLD
EVERY NIGHT
TO MULTITUDES OF
DELIGHTED PEOPLE.
The New York Times says of it:—
"More free and easy dancing and lavish exposure of female charms than any drama we have hitherto beheld. Even the 'Black Crook' is surpassed by it. The scenes are literally splendid. No opportunity is lost to dazzle the eye and intoxicate the imagination. The transformation scene at the close no description, even in the 'Arabian Nights,' could surpass for sparkling and elaborate splendor."
IT IS AS DELIGHTFUL AS THE
FIRST DAWN OF LOVE.
The New York World says of it:—
"It employs magnificently-limbed women, some of whom are quite voluptuous as any Moore ever dreamed of in his most ardent poetic flights. It gives us dances such as ravished the soul of 'Sunset' Cox in Andalusia."
SEATS CAN ALWAYS BE SECURED IN ADVANCE. 1-1t

### PARK THEATRE,

BROOKLYN.
Manager.....CARROLL & McCLOSKEY.
EASTER HOLIDAYS.
THE GREAT
MORAL LESSON OF THE TIMES.
EASTER MONDAY,
APRIL 1st, 1872,
J. J. McCLOSKEY'S
NEW, ORIGINAL AND SENSATIONAL
TEMPERANCE DRAMA,
In 5 Acts and Prologue, entitled
THE FATAL GLASS;
OR,
THE CURSE OF DRINK.

| | |
|---|---|
| Ambrose Versey | J. L. Gossin. |
| Joe Bennett | T. Z. Little |
| Joe Shakre | Harry Clifford. |
| Mabel Gray | Jennie Carroll. |
| Fanny Shivers (1-1t*) | Dollie Pike. |

### HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE,

BROOKLYN.
EASTER WEEK.
STAR ENGAGEMENT
OF THE WORLD RENOWNED ARTISTS,
THE ONLY LEON AND MR. EDWIN KELLY,
who will appear in their great specialities, with
JOHN MULLIGAN, BILLY RICE, LUKE SCHOOLCRAFT,
J. K. CAMPBELL and every member of Hooley's Great Star Troupe.
LEON'S SPECIALITIES,
TWICE MARRIED, HOOP LA, THE CAT DUET,
A BIG MISTAKE, FUNNY RAM.
In preparation, "LA PERICHOLE."
FAMILY MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, AT 2½ O'CLOCK.
Admission to Matinee, 25 and 50 cents. 1-1t*

### WANTED,

TO ENGAGE A MAN WHO CAN WORK THE PUNCH AND JUDY.
One who can talk at Side Show Door preferred. Address
J. H. TREWALLA, care Dan Rice's Circus,
1-1t* St. Louis, Mo.

### A RARE CHANCE.

NOTICE TO MAGICIANS,
ILLUSIONISTS AND PARTIES WISHING TO ENTER
THE PROFESSION.
FOR SALE,
APPARATUS, NAME, MUSIC, DIALOGUE
AND WOOD CUTS, COMPLETE,
OR FIVE SENSATIONAL SPECIALTIES
Can be purchased separately. Each one will realize a handsome income throughout the year. If sold entire, a portion of the purchase money can remain to suit the purchaser.
Apply by letter to A. F. ZERO, Central Hotel,
1-1t* 621 and 623 Arch street, Philadelphia.

### JOE GAYLORD,

Who was killed on paper by his own hand for an old negro at Charleston, S. C., is now posting for a dramatic company, and did WILLFULLY AND MALICIOUSLY
COVER UP OUR BILLS AT ELKHART, INDIANA,
March 23d, our date of opening.
1-1t* J. H. STANLEY, Bus. Agent, for Prof. T. S. Hansley.

### E. D. DAVIES, Esq.

DEAR SIR.—I take this opportunity before you close this, your first successful engagement with me, to testify as to your superior ability as a
VENTRILOQUIST.
Your success during the
TWELVE NIGHTS
you have been in my theatre has been greater than any other artist I have ever had. Wishing you every success,
I remain, yours truly,
for ROBERT FOX,
1-1t JOHN UNDERHILL.

### A LADY DOING TRAPEZE

BUSINESS,
AND LADIES FOR SONG AND BALLET,
are wanted for the tenting season.
Start from Matteson, Ill., May 20th. Address JOHN MASON, Agent for Keane and Co.'s Operatic and Dramatic Co., Sullivan, Ill. 1-1t*

# THE LAURIS

MADE A BIG HIT IN THEIR NEW PANTOMIME,
TIT FOR TAT,
at Col. Wood's, Philadelphia.
NOTICE.—We are billed for Providence, April 1st, without our knowledge or consent. 1-1t*

### HERRY'S THEATRE

COMIQUE, WILKESBARRE, PA. Open all the year round.
Proprietor, J. S. Berry.....Prop. and Stage Manager, Valentine Love
WANTED—Six ladies for the Ballet; must be young and prepossessing. Variety artists of all descriptions and acknowledged ability can always find an opening. Parties fulfilling engagements at this establishment can also fill in time at Cavanagh's Varieties, Scranton, Pa., a 30 mile journey. 1-3t*

### ATHENÆUM,

KEOKUK, IOWA.
COOL HERBERT.....Sole Lessee and Manager
PROF. SCHULTZ.....Leader of Orchestra
GREAT SUCCESS OF
EMERSON AND GRANGER,
Together with the great
STAR COMBINATION.
Crowded houses every night. First-class talent always wanted. Lady audiences. No wine room. Apply to manager as above. 1-1t

### LOTTIE E. CHARLES,

LEADING LADY, can be engaged, or she will accept short engagements to appear in her own play, "ARCHIE LOVELL."
1-1t Address care of Clipper office.

### INDIAN ELEPHANTS.

Three very fine specimens of the above, just imported, are now for sale. Nearly 5 feet high. £400 each. Apply to MR. RICH, King's place, Commercial Road, East, London, Eng. 1-4t*

### JAMES MAGUIRE,

CLOWN
AND COMIC VOCALIST,
CAN BE ENGAGED
FOR THE TENTING SEASON.
Address P. O. Box 745,
3-2t* Albany, N. Y.

### MANAGERS WISHING TO

ENGAGE A FAT WOMAN AND SKELETON for the coming season of '72, can do so by addressing JOHN W. DUKE, Springborough, Warren Co., Ohio. Salaries reasonable. 1-1t*

### TO GYMNASTS,

FOR SALE, A COMPLETE SET OF DOUBLE TRAPEZE, TWO DESCENT ROPES, AND A FINE NET, 13x26.
Lowest price for whole, $50. Address GYMNAST, care of CLIPPER Office. 1-1t*

### THE MAGNIFICENT AND

POPULAR EXHIBITION, long exhibited in Tammany Hall and Skaft Theatre by Prof. Roberts, who has retired from business and will sell at a great bargain, Stereopticon, Opaque Lantern, Vivantiscope, Agioscope, for Dissolving Views, together with an immense collection of Mechanical Working Pictures, Franco-German War, Astronomy, Artistic, Sensational and Comic. 765 Broadway, 5 flights. From 4 till 6. 1-1t*

### CARD.—GEO. W. CHARLES,

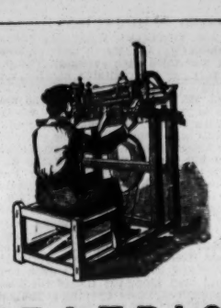
FEMALE IMPERSONATOR and BURLESQUE DANSEUSE,
IS AT LIBERTY TO ENGAGE WITH MANAGERS.
All letters sent care of Clipper Office. 1-2t*

### BURNHAM & QUEEN,

Have for sale at all times, FIRST CLASS CONJURING TRICKS AND MAGICIANS' APPARATUS. Enclose stamp for Catalogue.
Address BURNHAM & QUEEN,
1-2t* No. 3 Central street, Stoneham, Mass.

### "A CAUTION TO MANAGERS,"

&c.—A false statement headed as above found its way into the Clipper last week. My answer to it is this:—I never was engaged to Burt & Ridgeway; the parties I engaged with were Burt & Zebold. Mr. Zebold not liking the way business was conducted, withdrew, leaving only A. L. S. Burt, who, one week previous to my showing with Van Amburg's Circus. Thus the parties I engaged with having quit, my engagement with them was at an end. The person offering himself as a manager I had no faith in, and not wishing to travel with such a man, I quit. I never entered into any contract with him, but told him a week previous to my quitting that the town of Lima would close my season with them. Another reason why I quit was that I did not want to travel as a begas Blitz, which was what they wanted, but they did not find me as pliable as they expected. Moreover, they took their names off all the printing matter, letting their show run in my name, thus making me responsible for all debts contracted, and knowing that very recently they bursted up with a minstrel show, I did not want my baggage seized for their debts. In advertising this week they say—salary sure; why, I have been a month and only got about $4.00 (four dollars.) As regards printing with my name on it, as I boy carried it, it could not have been a very weekly master, and I offered to take it at cost over before leaving them. Concerning the property I am accused of taking, the two curtains I left in charge of the baggage-master at Lima, and a letter now proving that they have received them, but using my name as an excuse for their trick basket, I found an old pair of pants, which I have addressed and forwarded to their owner. By sending my boy's stage dress you took from Lima, it still close our correspondence.
W. G. WARE,
105 Richmond street, Philadelphia.
THIS IS SO CREDITS that Prof. W. G. Ware was under my management about five months, during which time, both on and off the stage, found him an artist and a gentleman.
A. W. TRAYLOR,
1-2t* 1,426 North 6th street, Philadelphia.



# THEATRICAL MATERIALS.

IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
SHANNON, MILLER & CRANE,
NO. 46 MAIDEN LANE, N. Y.
OUR ARTISTS, IN SHAPES AND THEATRICAL HOSIERY,
CANNOT BE SURPASSED.
A PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
Spangles, Fringes, Laces, Gimps, Tights, Paddings, Hats, Wigs, Shoes, Jewelry, Stars, Tassels, Flags, Banners, Etc., for Theatres, Circuses, Costumers, Gymnasiums, Tableaux, Private Theatricals and Fancy Dresses.
MILITARY REGALIA AND SOCIETY GOODS.
SENT C. O. D. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

CLOWN AND ANIMAL SUITS, CLOGS, GI-
RAFFE HEADS, PAPIER MACHE WORK,
EVERY VARIETY, BOXING GLOVES, &c.

PREPARED BURNT CORK, &C. 1-2t

# MANAGERS NOTICE.

ANOTHER BROKEN CONTRACT,
MISS JENNIE KIMBALL
AND
MISS ALICIA KIMBALL
were engaged by a WRITTEN CONTRACT to appear at the Front Street Theatre, March 4th, 1872, but failed to appear. MISS JENNIE KIMBALL broke her contract under the excuse that she had engaged to another manager for a better salary. She was to receive from me thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents per week (her sister Alicia the same amount), which I think is all she is worth. Miss Jennie wrote me and demanded increase of salary, which I refused, and she refused to fill her engagement. This is to caution managers that if they engage her, demand good security before advertising this lady, as they can place no confidence in her word or contract. WILLIAM E. SINN,
Manager Front Street Theatre, Baltimore.
N. B.—Would like to hear from Foley and McIntire. 1-1t

### THEATRICAL

# SCENERY

Panoramas, Banners, Signs and Show Work of all kinds painted by the American Art Association, 509 Broadway, New York. J. B. AYERS, President; JOHN BARNARD, Jr., Sec. 1-13t*

# ROYAL LYCEUM,

# TORONTO, CANADA.

MAY 1st, 1872.
The above establishment will be for rent by the night or week during the months of May and June, to first class Combinations, DRAMATIC,
OPERATIC,
BURLESQUE AND
MINSTREL.
The Theatre will be closed July 1st,
ELEGANTLY DECORATED AND UPHOLSTERED
THROUGHOUT,
opening August 26th for a season of nine months.
WANTED,
A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY.
Only artists of acknowledged ability need apply, stating lowest terms, in GOLD, to J. L. SAPHON & CO.,
1-4t Lessees and Managers, 134 West Adams st., Chicago, Ill.

# SHIRTS.

W. H. HARRIS,
79 West Madison St. Chicago
ALSO,
MEN'S FINE FURNISHING GOODS
SHOWMEN AND ALL OTHERS
will find it to their interest, when visiting Chicago, to give us a call. Six New York Mills, dress shirts, made to measure for $16.50, with the very finest linen. Six Wamsutta Shirts for $15. Six Masonville Shirts for $12. To gentlemen residing outside of Chicago a good fit will be guaranteed by sending the following measurement, in inches:—Size of collar worn, measure from centre of shoulder along arm to knuckle of small finger; around chest; waist and wrist; state number of plaits, if for studs, spirals or buttons; style of cuff, and if open back or front.
THE MONEY CAN BE PAID TO EXPRESS CO. 1-1t*

### TO SHOWMEN AND MU

SEUMS.—FOR SALE, at a sacrifice to close the business, TWO EGYPTIAN MUMMIES, partly unrolled to show the features, in cases complete for traveling; the best for the purpose in the country. Also, a few paintings of Birds, Monkeys, Snake, &c. Apply to J. BRUCE, 600 Broadway, N. Y. 1-3t*

### WOODLEIGH,

Written expressly for MISS LIZZIE SAFFORD, and now in preparation at the Bowery Theatre, New York city, a new romantic, emotional and sensational drama, in Four Acts, founded upon Philip Stoner's thrilling poem, "Robert of Woodleigh." 1-1t*

# LEADING MAN

WANTED FOR
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
CHICAGO.
SUMMER SEASON.
1-1t* Address C. R. GARDINER, Sole Manager.

### TO BAND LEADERS,

AN E FLAT OR B FLAT CORNET AND SECOND VIOLIN PLAYER
wants an engagement for the tenting season.
1-2t* Address C. WARDRUM, 441 Fourth st., Chicago, Ill.

### NOTICE TO MANAGERS

OF THEATRES, CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES AND MUSIC HALLS.
The undersigned will leave for Europe about the first of June, 1873, and will transact any business entrusted to his care. He intends visiting London, Paris, Marseilles, Lisbon, Madrid, Palermo, Rome, Naples, Venice, Trieste, Constantinople, Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Warsaw, Copenhagen, Stockholm and Hamburg. MORK LA PHORNE,
1-4t care of New York Clipper.

### MISS MARIAN TAYLOR,

BURLESQUE ARTISTE AND COMEDIENNE
(specially engaged by R. Fox, Esq.),
is playing her second week's most successful engagement at the American Theatre, Philadelphia. Will shortly be
AT LIBERTY TO ACCEPT OFFERS.
Address St. Lawrence Hotel, Chestnut street, Philadelphia. 1t*

### WANTED,

MUSICIANS AND VOCALISTS.
Violinist, who sings ballads and in chorus; also, Organist, who sings, to travel east, by wagon, for concert and variety show. Would like to hear from Charley Wilson and Frank Newhall.
Address JOHN E. KING,
1-1t care Clipper office.

### E. MURRAY DAY,

FIRST HEAVY MAN
AND
CHARACTER ACTOR,
is open to engagement by responsible managers for the fall and winter season of 1872-3.
Address 710 South Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo. 1-1t*

### MRS. H. P. GRATTAN

will arrive in New York March 26th. Letters can be addressed 27 Greenwich avenue, near 10th street, N. Y. 1-1t*

### NEW SONGS, NEW SONGS.

Down in a Coal Mine. Never be Down Hearted. A True Man of My Word. Billiards and Pool. Modern Times. An Old Man's Advice, &c. Pianoforte copies, 10 cents each. HARDING'S OFFICE, 293 Bowery. 1-1f

### MR. SOTHERN.

WANTED,
A FIRST CLASS COMEDY COMPANY,
to support
MR. SOTHERN IN OUR AMERICAN COUSIN,
for eight weeks, or more, starting from
CINCINNATI, APRIL 21st,
AND ENDING AT NEW YORK.
Address T. E. MILLS, Acting Manager,
Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., until 16th of April; then Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, Ohio, until 13th of April.
1-2t* C. KELLY, Secretary.

### FOR SALE,

A SPLENDID BLACK BEAR,
three years old, weighs over two hundred pounds. Can be handled by any one. For price, etc., write to CHAS S. MATHEWS,
1-2t Abbott House, Titusville, Pa.

### HERR SCHULZE,

THE MAN WITH 100 FACES,
IS COMING. 1-1f

### PROF. RICHARDSON,

PUPIL AND LA PETITE RICHARDSON,
THE CHILD WONDER, FOUR YEARS OLD.
DOUBLE AND SINGLE TRAPEZE, HORIZONTAL BAR AND TUMBLING,
have open engagements. Address PROF. RICHARDSON,
1-1t* Pottsville, Pa.

### DOHANY'S NEW HALL,

# COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA,

FOR RENT.
Address the Proprietor, JOHN DOHANY.
1-15t*

### WEISIGER HALL,

LOUISVILLE, KY.
The largest and finest in the city. Seats 1,400, and can be rented BY THE DAY OR WEEK.
1-6t Address JOHN M. BOGGS, Agent.

### JAMES F. SHERRY,

MANAGER, 2,216 NORTH FRONT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
N. B.—All communications relative to business will receive PROMPT ATTENTION. 1-2t*

### WANTED.

A YOUNG LADY
Competent to take charge of a splendid Saloon, that can play the piano and sing. Good pay, or an interest given.
1-2t* Address ENTERPRISE, New Haven, Conn.

### PA-NOO-KA HALL,

PROVIDENCE, 1st AND 2d WARDS, SCRANTON, PA.
CAN BE RENTED by first class companies. THE HALL HAS BEEN LATELY ENLARGED AND IMPROVED; has a stage 30x80, with dressing rooms, and will seat 800 persons. Hoisting apparatus landing on the stage. Front and rear entrances, second story. Street cars pass the door. Population, within a mile, exceeds 10,000. The safest and best ventilated hall in the city.
1-4t* Address AMBROSE MULLEY, Providence, Pa.

### THEO. HAMILTON

WILL APPEAR AS
BUFFALO BILL,
AT THE HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
for two weeks, commencing Monday, April 1st. 1-2t*

### WARNING

TO ALL WHOM
IT MAY CONCERN.
I have given MR. W. M. LANNIER the sole and exclusive right to perform my drama of
"BUFFALO BILL"
in the New England States, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF SIX CITIES.
The Drama is thoroughly protected under copyright and patent law. All COL. JUDSON'S stories are registered for dramatization, and all my dramas thoroughly copyrighted; therefore, any infringement upon my rights or those accorded to others, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. FRED'K G. MARDER.
1-1t* N. Y., March 21st, 1872.

### A YOUNG MAN,

now employed in a savings bank in this city, with past experience of four years in the THEATRICAL PROFESSION, desires a position of responsibility as Advance Agent, Treasurer, or Assistant Manager. Undoubted testimonials given from those standing high in and out of the Profession. Address B. J., care of this office. 1-1t*

### MUSKEGON VARIETIES.

MUSKEGON, MICH.,
Opened Saturday, March 23d, with a full
VARIETY COMPANY.
Tremendous success of the celebrated
SONG AND DANCE MEN,
WHITNEY AND SHIELDS.
All classes of Variety Talent
WANTED IMMEDIATELY.
Address WM. SHAW, Manager, Muskegon, Mich. 1-1t*

### PHENIX OPERA HOUSE,

PHENIX, R. I.
TO RENT
FOR ALL FIRST CLASS ENTERTAINMENTS.
This house is new and well furnished with a good stage and splendid new set of scenery (by Messrs. Hill & Johnson, of Providence). Has raised seats, accommodating 800. One of the best show towns in the state. Terms reasonable. Address JOHN C. CONLEY,
1-1t Phenix, R. I.

### SHOWMEN, ATTENTION!

FOR SIDE SHOW PAINTINGS, address S. FRANK, S. E. corner John and Betts streets, Cincinnati, O. Terms, half cash when ordered. REFERENCES—George Richards, George De Haven, Robert Stickney, L. Deagle, James A. Bailey, B. Eakwood, J. Shaw. 1-6t*

### A TUBA,

SLIDE TROMBONE, OR BASS PLAYER,
ALSO A B FLAT CORNET PLAYER,
want engagements for coming tenting season. Will engage apart.
Address HERMAN MILLER,
1-1t* Care of Clipper office.

### NOTICE.

TO MANAGERS, PROPRIETORS OF OPERA HOUSES, HALLS, Etc., in the New England States:—
Having purchased from Fred. G. Maeder, Esq., the EXCLUSIVE right of producing his Drama, from "Ned Buntline's" story, published in the New York Weekly, and entitled

## "BUFFALO BILL,"

in the following states, viz:—
MAINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, VERMONT, MASSACHUSETTS, RHODE ISLAND AND CONNECTICUT,
Any party or parties adopting or permitting the same to be played in theatres, opera houses, halls, etc., in the preceding named states, with exception of the cities of Boston, Springfield, Worcester, New Haven and Hartford, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. 1-1t* W. M. LANNIER.

### TO CIRCUS, MENAGERIE

PROPRIETORS AND OTHERS. FOR SALE,
A PAIR OF ROYAL BENGAL TIGERS,
about two and a half years old, both males. A child may go into the den with them. A variety of other stock.
WILLIAM CRISS, Dealer in Wild Beasts,
1-2t Menagerie, Liverpool, England.

### L. W. SEAVEY

PANORAMAS AND SCENERY
For Theatres, Public Halls, etc. Correspondence invited
1-11t* PAINT ROOMS, 691 Broadway, New York.

### R. B. KENT'S.

THEATRICAL HOSIERY,
No. 173 (late 302) BOWERY, N. Y.
FORMERLY GARNER'S ESTABLISHMENT.
All kinds of THEATRICAL AND CIRCUS CLOTHING constantly on hand and made to order. 1-12t*

DOBSON'S GREAT PATENT PARLOR AND STAGE BANJOS have no equal in the world for loud, sweet and brilliant tone. Rosewood, beautifully polished, twenty silver screws, transparent head, silver tail-piece and fancy pegs, price, $30; No. 2, $30; No. 3, $26; Fancy Banjos, $35, $78 and $100. Also, open back, old style, oak rim, $15. French walnut, $20; rosewood, $22; silver rim from $14 up to $30. New instruction book, "Without a Master," price, $5. Also, general dealer in all kinds of musical instruments. All goods sent C. O. D. to all parts of the United States. Instruction for Guitar and Banjo. Address all orders to HENRY C. DOBSON, 289 Bowery, New York. 1-4f

### FOR SALE,

TWO SPLENDID HAND ORGANS.
Very loud toned. Just put in order. Will exchange for diamonds. Address D. K. PRESCOTT,
1-1t No. 1,011 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

### VALENTINE VOX

RESUSCITATED BY R. D. DAVIES,
PREMIER VENTRILOQUIST OF THE WORLD,
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Pittsburgh, April 13th. 1-1t

### THE GREAT VICTORELLIS,

Henry, Oscar and Little Victor, and Miss A Braddon, the star vocalist and dancer, have concluded a second engagement at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburgh, Pa., and open at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., April 1st. Address H. VICTORELLI, care of Clipper office. 1-1t*

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THE LARGEST AND HANDSOMEST THEATRE IN THE CITY, ON THE GROUND FLOOR.
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